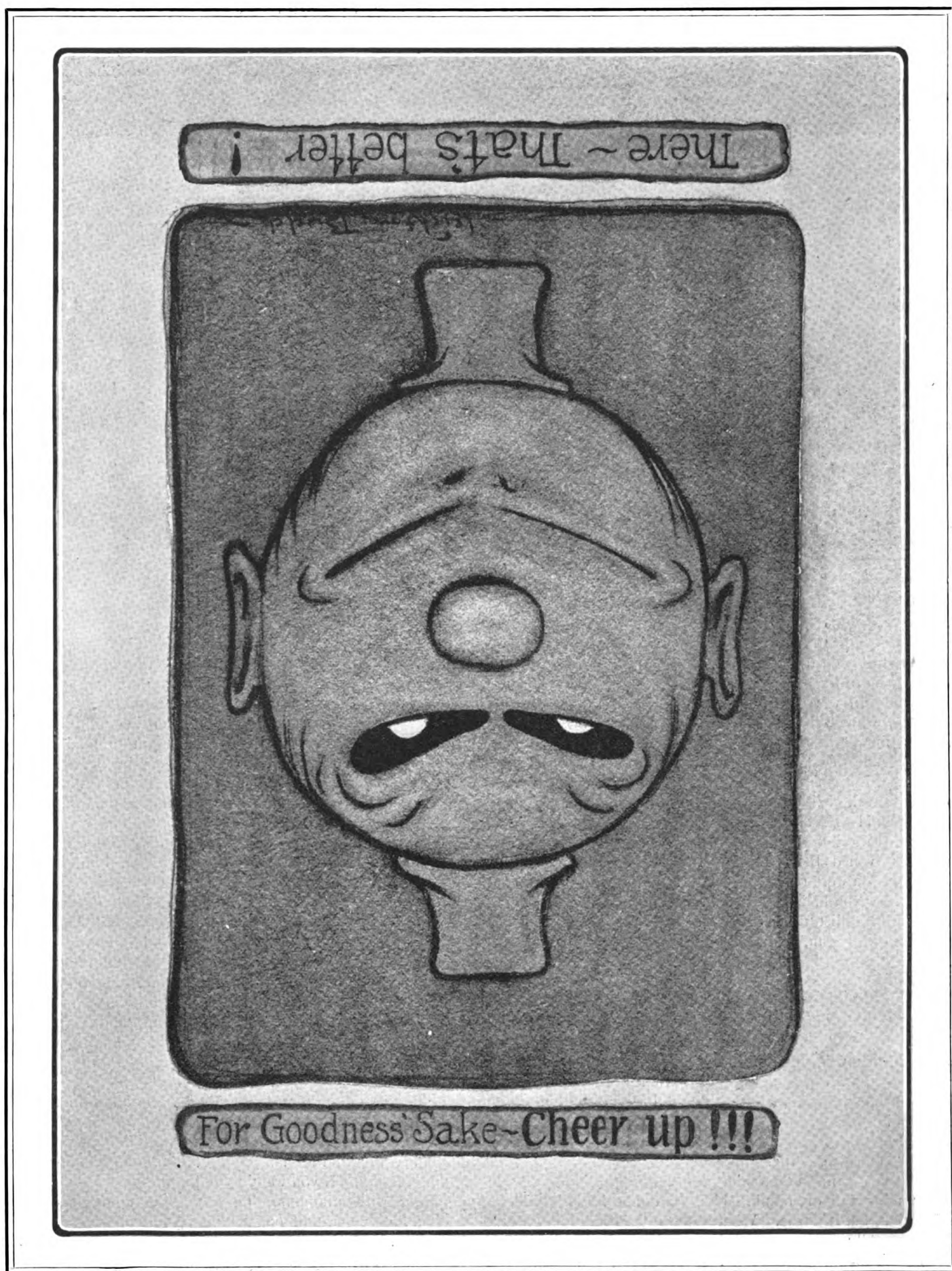




No. 726.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



CHEER UP !

REVERSE THIS, AND YOU WILL SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE MISANTHROPE  
IF HE READS "THE SKETCH" REGULARLY.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

#### Christmas Eve with the Dame.

London.

"Merry Christmas!" cried old Dame Nature, flourishing her glass of negus so carelessly that I knew she was in earnest.

I returned the toast, and we sat in silence for a few minutes, staring at the firmament of red stars in the wood fire.

"Penny for your thoughts!" cried the Dame suddenly.

I jumped. "I don't believe I was thinking about anything."

"Stuff! You forget that I'm a bit of a telepathist. You were wondering why Christmas is not the joyous season it used to be. I dare you to deny it!"

"I can't deny it."

She laughed. "And yet you call yourself a person of originality!"

"I don't. But can you explain why Christmas is not quite so gay as it used to be?"

"It is. The difference is only in yourself."

"Perhaps. But I doubt whether the present generation of children get the frantic, almost incredible, joy out of Christmas that, for instance, I did. You know, of course, that most of them have left off hanging up their stockings?"

"Yes, the cunning young rascals. You see, anything was good enough for a stocking."

#### A Question of Stockings.

"Do you," I asked anxiously, "really think that's the reason?"

"Certainly." Here she helped herself to a little more negus. "And why not? What boy worthy of the name would be put off with an orange and a packet of sweets when he might get an engine to dash across the floor, bump into the leg of the piano, fall over on to its side, and offer up a libation of methylated spirit? Or what girl worthy of the name would be put off with a 'Dying Rooster,' when she might get a doll of enormous size, fully equipped with numberless garments to take on and off? That explains the absence of the stockings, my friend."

"All the same, it seems a pity. The modern child, evidently, has ceased to believe in the existence of Santa Claus."

"That old fraud! No child ever did believe in him."

"Pardon me, I did."

"You? Oh, you'd believe anything—if it suited your convenience. When you were twenty, for instance, you believed that you were a cynic. Now you believe that you're a sentimentalist."

"I *am* a sentimentalist, and I'm proud of it. What are you?"

"Since the world began," said the old lady, "I have ruled it with sentiment."

#### The Spice of Life.

"Some of 'em kick," she added, chuckling, "but they have to put up with it."

"What is your strongest card? Love?"

"No. Death is my strongest card." She proceeded to expound.

"Just as a common grievance brings out friendship, or a common peril brings out comradeship, so the certain knowledge that death is the common lot brings out sentiment. If you think it over, my friend, you'll see that I'm right. It's death that gives the spice to life. Talking of spice, is there anything more in that jug?"

"I note that you're not a teetotaler, by the way."

"I'm not any kind of crank. I've no doubt it's difficult for you to realise that, but it's true. What were we talking about? Oh, yes; sentiment. All your laws, you know, are based on sentiment."

"Capital punishment, for example?"

"Certainly. Capital punishment is not a preventive measure. That's been proved over and over again. It's revenge, or an

expression of acute sympathy with the killed. Don't you agree with me?"

"I think it's horrible."

"More sentiment. You're not such a fraud as I thought."

#### Joy of Being Hanged.

"All the same," I argued, "I don't know that I'm quite with you when you say that capital punishment is not a preventive measure."

"I can't help that. You'll grow wiser in time. Don't you see that by hanging a murderer you glorify his crime? A man who would cut a throat or throw a bomb is a man with an unbalanced mind. His tendency is to run to extremes. A long term of gentle obscurity would be a hideous punishment for him, but ten minutes in the full glare of the world's limelight is worth life itself. I mean to say, it isn't really, but he thinks it is at the time he cuts the throat. He says to his victim, 'I'll swing for you, one of these days.' He gets a double pleasure, you see—the pleasure of killing and the pleasure of being hanged."

"We've stumbled on to a cheerful subject for Christmas Eve."

"You were the first to introduce the question of capital punishment, my friend. I was talking about sentiment." She walked across to the window. "The atmosphere is charged with sentiment to-night. It will be clearer on Boxing Day."

"You mean that reaction will have set in?"

"Sharply—especially among large family-parties. I can't say that I'm a great believer in large family-parties."

#### The Family Party.

"You astonish me!" I gasped. "Is this the declaration of one who boasts of ruling the world by sentiment? I should have thought that you, of all people, Dame Nature——"

"That's enough. I doubt whether they want to read my remarks, but I am quite certain they don't want to read yours. In a large family-party, allow me to explain, sentiment becomes merged in criticism. It is impossible, you know, to be sentimental and critical at the same time. (At any rate, for amateurs.) Families come together at Christmas as a sort of duty. The various members have not seen each other for twelve months. Some have grown stouter, some have grown richer, some have grown thinner, some have grown poorer, all have grown older. Harold has developed a moustache, and Connie has put her hair up. Uncle George has developed aggressive views on the Fiscal Question, and Auntie Aggie—whose husband is expecting a Knighthood—has cultivated a new style of conversation. All these things are of enormous interest to the family-party. They discuss them here, and they laugh over them there. It is all criticism, criticism, criticism, until the critics get impudent and the criticised impatient, and then the row begins. Mind you, I am merely taking the average family—not congregations of saints."

#### Tiny Tim's Toast.

"You don't believe, then, in the old saying that blood is thicker than water?"

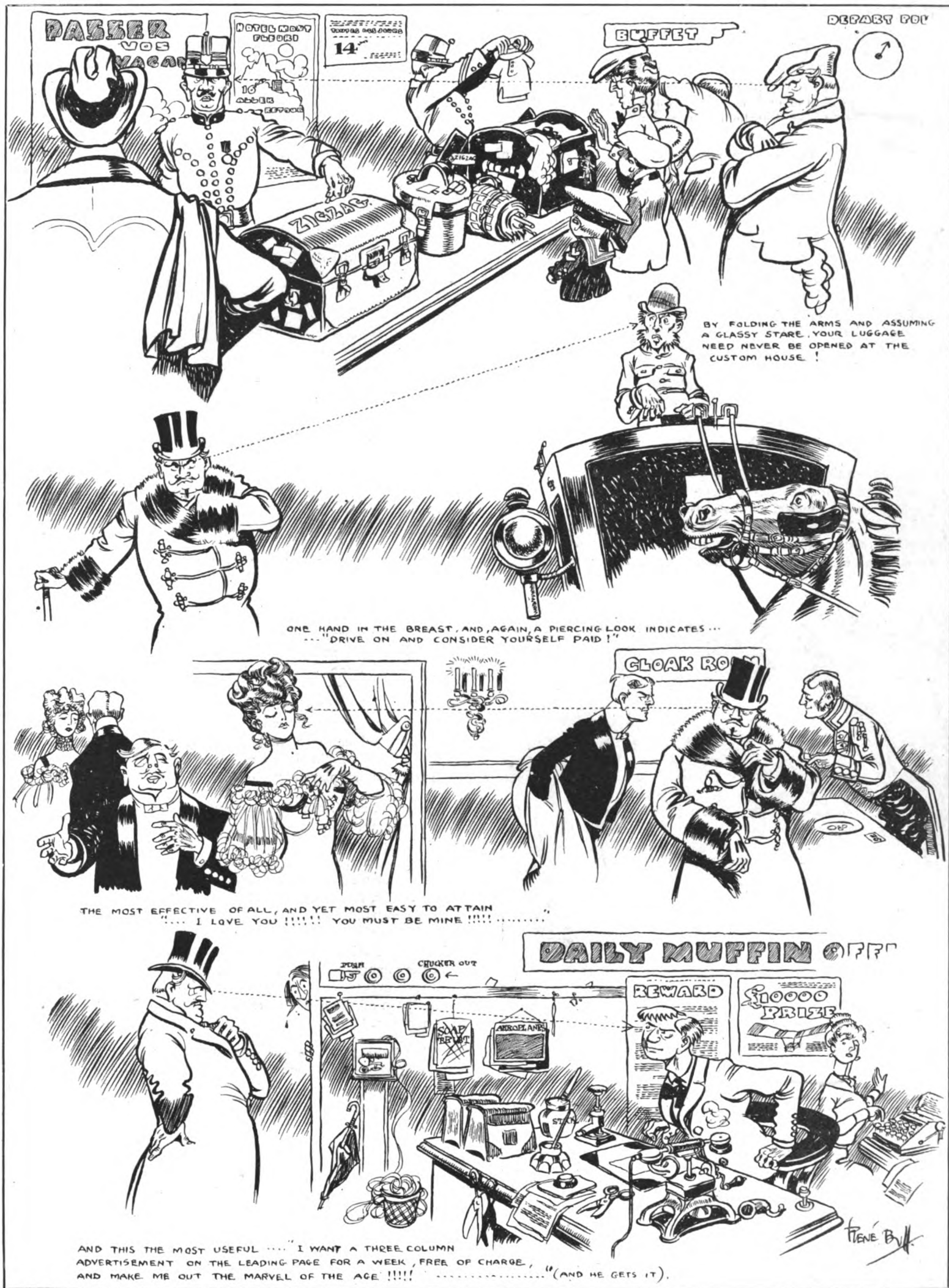
"I believe that it's muddier. A family-party is a sort of social inter-marrying. Extreme clanship is out of date and unnecessary. If you want to enjoy life, and help others to enjoy it, mingle with strangers. Then, for one point of view, you will get ten; for one cast of countenance, you will get fifty; for one friend, you will get a thousand. Them's my sentiments, dear friend. I hope they don't shock you."

"As you have already remarked, this is your show, not mine."

"Right! Brew some more negus, and God bless us every one!"



# PROFESSOR ZIGZAG SHOWS HOW TO INFLUENCE OTHERS BY MEANS OF TELEPATHY.



WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. AND MRS. ZANCIG.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*A Brigand's Christmas Party—The Birthdays of Mohammed and Buddha—Waits and Mummers.*

THE Christmas gathering at which I should like to be present, in spirit, is that of Raisuli. He has Valiente and all the other brigands of any note in Morocco spending a week or two with him as honoured guests. There is a large warm-heartedness, an absence of jealousy about this gathering which is new in the annals of brigandage. Robin Hood had his own little circle of minor robbers in his own forest, but he did not ask any of his rivals in the profession to leave their forests and spend a week-end with him. I have always had an admiration for the chief brigand of Morocco, and his preparations for the festive season—for the Mohammedans, as well as ourselves, keep a festival at Christmas-time—increase my respect for him.

The Mohammedans do not keep any festival day for the birth of their Prophet, so far as I know, for his early years, when he herded goats in the desert, are taken little account of by his followers; and I do not remember in any of the Buddhist countries having joined in any rejoicing on the anniversary of the birth of Buddha in the pleasant garden by the riverside where the shade thrown by the trees did not move all the day through, in order that the child might not be incommoded by the sun. There is this great difference between our religion and all others, that the object of our adoration was recognised as a divine being at the hour of his birth; the call to lead came to Mohammed, and the call to suffer came to Buddha, when they were arrived at man's estate.

But I must not preach a Christmas sermon, though the birthplaces of the redeemers of men is a tempting subject. At one time of my life I spent several months in that pleasant country by the River Kohana, where Gautama Siddartha was born, where the streams run through fields of rice and corn, where the roads are shaded by great cotton-trees, and where groves of fruit-trees with a well in the midst

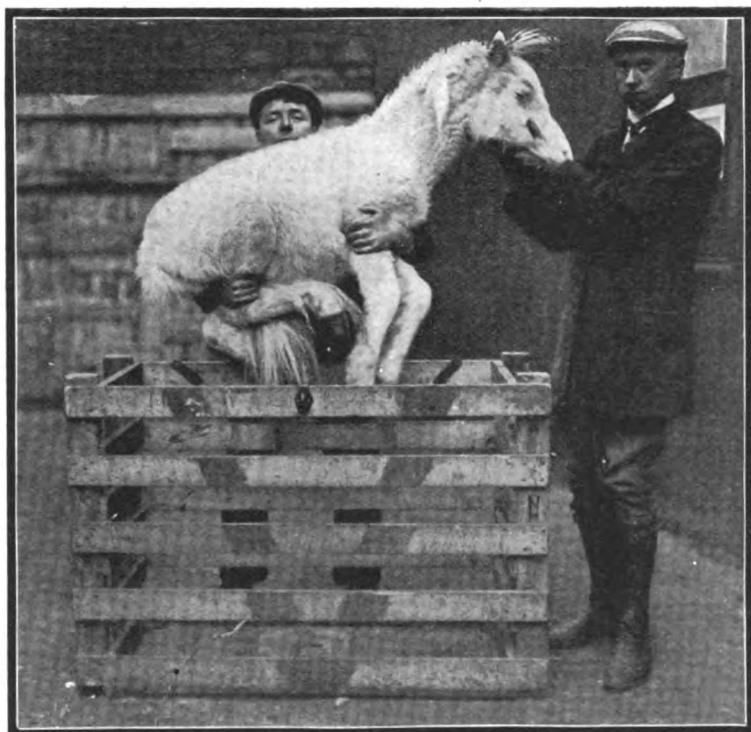
Twice this winter have I heard the waits, and their music—a trombone being an effectual sleep-dispeller—has roused me for a second or two into a sudden wonder as to what hour of the night it might be, to be succeeded by a pleasant certainty, as I dropped back into dreams, that there was no necessity to get up. The range of



YOUNG SOCIETY'S PET MOUNT: A DOG-LIKE ICELAND PONY.

Iceland ponies are becoming very popular with the younger members of Society, and many are imported to this country.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau*



A PANTOMIME ARTISTE ON HER WAY TO HER ENGAGEMENT: PUTTING A SHETLAND PONY IN HER CRATE, FOR DESPATCH TO THE THEATRE IN WHICH SHE IS APPEARING THIS CHRISTMAS.

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*

of them form pleasant halting-places. The snows of the Himalayas hang like a vision in mid-sky, and during the hottest nights a little cool breeze comes before dawn as a gift from the mountains. It is a pleasant land for the sportsman, for the wild duck are in millions on the great lakes; and it is a pleasant land for the lover of the beautiful in nature, for trees and temples and streams and avenues are a series of tempting pictures. The call which rang in the ears of the King's son and sent him to wander as a beggar away from all that was pleasant in life must have been a commanding one.

the music of the waits seems to have contracted. Hymns are now their only staple, and on neither occasion did they treat me to "Oh, the Mistletoe Bough." Their Christmas-box will be withheld until an explanation of this is forthcoming. Why the waits always used to play this melancholy song I do not know, but it is one of the things of past times I remember very plainly, and across the mists of half a century I can recall waking in a warm little bed, the firelight playing on the brass knobs of rails at its foot, and listening to "The Mistletoe Bough" played by the waits in the snow outside.

The world is full of revivals nowadays. Pageants have come into favour once more, and a dozen towns in the coming summer are to recall the glories of their history in this manner. Pageant-masters are becoming almost as numerous as stage-managers, and our squires and dames clank in armour or bow in ruffs without being afraid of ridicule. Mr. Benson wishes to head an association for forming a dramatic corps in every village. The revival I should like to see is a revival of the mummers, who seem to have disappeared, while the waits still remain with us. In some of the northern counties and in Kent the mumming still lives; but, in Kent at all events, the story of the brave events commemorated has grown confused through the transmission of the words of the mummery by mouth from generation to generation.

What I should like to see would be a revival in every parish and village of the mummery of old days. There is no village but has a connection in some way with the days when militant saints killed monsters all over the kingdom. There were dragons and "worms" in all the forests, and St. George was not the only slayer of scaly things. It only requires the exercise of the brains to be found in every parsonage and every great house to string the local story into archaic rhymes, giving hero and heroine, fool, beast, and lookers-on their simple sentences; it only requires a small advance from the Squire's pocket to purchase the dragon's head and the knight's armour, the princess's crown, and the fool's motley, and I warrant me that the silver and the coppers which would rain into the upheld cap and bells after each performance would soon put the club of village mummers into a prosperous condition, and supply each performer—dragon and all—with a comfortable Christmas-box.



PRINCIPAL BOY IN "HUMPTY DUMPTY" AT BRISTOL.



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AS RUDOLPH AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, BRISTOL.

Among the other principals in the pantomime are Miss Maud Darling, who is appearing as Princess Aurora, Mr. Ben Gilbert, and the Brothers Griffiths.

*Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*

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**GENERAL NOTES.**

IN his present difficulty with the dissolved Reichstag, Kaiser William must wish that he could give reality to a little dialogue which he once had with Cecil Rhodes. It was the last meeting between the two, and they had frankly discussed matters African. "I wish you were a German," said the Emperor, as the Englishman rose to go. "Why so, your Majesty?" asked Rhodes. "Because, Mr. Rhodes," was the answer, "if you were a German I would ask you to become director of my foreign affairs." The great man thanked the Emperor for his pretty saying, and ventured to be allowed the wish that Kaiser William were an Englishman. "Why so?" laughed the Emperor in turn. "Because if you had been an Englishman," replied Rhodes, "I would have suggested to your Majesty the desirability of your becoming my business-manager." The Kaiser is said to regard this as one of the highest compliments ever paid him.

Mr. Charles H. Steinway, of the famous firm of piano-makers, has been honoured by the Shah of Persia, and is the recipient of a decoration, the Third Class (Commander) of the Order of the Lion and Sun, which is very seldom given to the heads of commercial houses.

Smokers cannot complain of lack of variety so far as tobacco is concerned. There are all kinds to be had, and at all prices. Some are, of course, better than others, whilst many vary greatly in quality from time to time. It is, consequently, not always possible to enjoy a pipe. The smoker in search of a thoroughly reliable mixture should try "Gold Bond" mixture, which is manufactured by the celebrated firm of Gallaher, Ltd. It is a great favourite, for it burns evenly, is cool to the palate, and has a delightful aroma. Cigarette-smokers should test the virtue of "Gold Bond" Cigarettes.

An enormous and representative gathering assembled at the Royal Albert Hall the other day, and enthusiastically applauded each item of a truly remarkable programme presented by the Gramophone and Typewriter, Limited. The gramophone used was one that embodied an invention of the Hon. Charles Parsons, of turbine fame, and by means of an ingenious arrangement of air-pressures in the sound-box, the volume of sound was greatly increased. The beautiful voices of Madame Patti and Madame Melba emanating from the trumpet of the gramophone almost led one to believe that these artists were hidden away somewhere behind the floral decorations on the platform, and that it was themselves in person, and not their vocal records, that were enchanting the house. But the most effective example of what the gramophone can do was demonstrated immediately after Miss Amy Castles had sung in person, as her encore was a repetition of the song on the gramophone itself. Mr. John Harrison favoured the audience in the same manner, singing Leoncavallo's "Tis the Day," his record of this song creating as much applause and appreciation as when he sang it in person a few moments before. Miss Adami accompanied the singers and their records. Mr. W. H. Squire, on the 'cello, completed the delightful programme. That it was a success leaves no room for doubt, and it must be attributed to the fact that the Gramophone Company's methods of recording have reached a high state of perfection. It was a daring thing to invite a critical audience to the finest concert-hall in the world and ask them to listen to the voices and playing of the world's greatest artists rendered by means of a scientist's invention.

A present that will always be appreciated by smokers is a box of "Marcella" cigars. Wherever you go you are sure to see the narrow red band with the word "Marcella" on it in white that attracts everyone's attention. Sold at threepence, a "Marcella" cigar is really excellent value. They can be purchased in boxes of fifty or one hundred at every tobacconist's. Of cigarettes, one of the favoured brands is the "Waverley." Manufactured from a choice blend of mild and carefully selected Virginia tobacco, they will be found cool, sweet, and fragrant.

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For DECEMBER 29

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King and Queen are spending their usual happy, old-fashioned Christmas in their Norfolk home. But the greatest of the year's festivals is not entirely a time of peace and holiday for royal personages, for each year sees an increasing number of telegrams, which in the majority of cases must be personally perused by either the King or Queen, and adequately answered "by return." Gifts are also acknowledged very

quickly. In some ways the Sovereign's Christmas tends to become brighter and happier as time goes on owing to the increasing band of his Majesty's grandchildren, to whom the 25th of December is a day of unmixed joy and delight. King Edward himself chooses each of the little people's Christmas presents, and no public matter or private anxiety is ever allowed by him to interfere with the due celebration of what has now become all over the world essentially the children's festival.

### *Some Christmas Betrothals.*

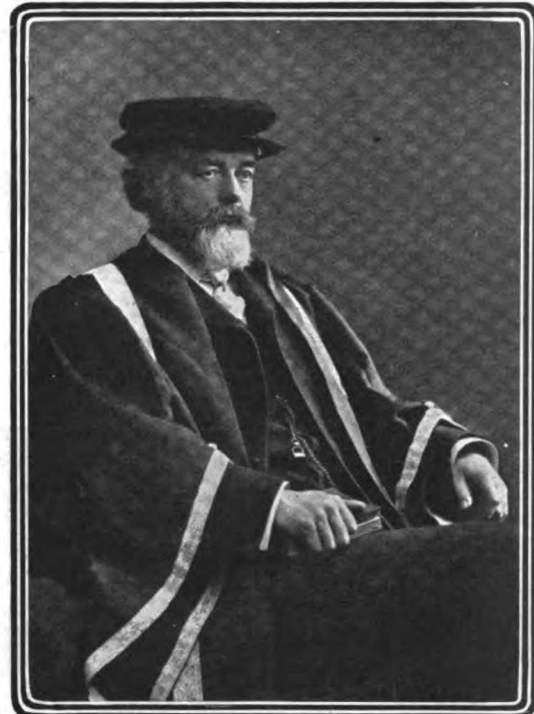
Lord Guernsey and Miss Gladys Fellowes waited to issue the official announcement of their engagement till just before Christmas, and they are not, it seems, to be married till next summer. The eldest son of Lord Aylesford is a keen soldier and a favourite with Royalty. As for the bride, she was described when she came out two years ago as the prettiest girl of the year. She is very musical, and has long been known as one of the best amateur actresses in the unmarried section of Society. In fact, just now it is interesting to recall that Miss Fellowes and Lord Guernsey acted together in a duologue some two years ago. The marriage, when it takes place, is sure to be graced by the presence of Royalty, for the Queen is much attached to Lady de Ramsey, Miss Fellowes' mother. Naval circles are much interested in the coming marriage of the Second Naval Lord, Sir

Charles Drury, to Miss Amy Middleton. The wedding will take place very soon, as the Admiral takes command of the Mediterranean Squadron at Easter, and Malta is greatly looking forward to welcoming his bride.

### *Thinking Imperially.*

Whatever be the explanation of the performances at the Alhambra by the Zancigs, Sir Oliver Lodge's encomiums, subsequently qualified, have done much to stimulate curiosity in the "turn." The performance is undoubtedly mystifying, but not more so than that of a couple of American expositors of the art of thinking into the distance who were in town three years ago. They were declared to have "telepathed" messages from London to Nottingham, and vice versa.

More remarkable still was the achievement of a Devonian who, in his own home, received telepathic communications as to a battle then in progress in South Africa. There are newspaper possibilities in this, but dependability cannot be guaranteed. Mr. Stead once arranged for people in various parts of the world to telepath current news to him. Messages came to hand, or head, but not invariably the ones intended. Musings without method were telepathed without the volition of the musers.



MUCH INTERESTED IN THE ZANCIGS:  
SIR OLIVER LODGE.

*Photograph by Whitlock, Ltd.*



A NINE-YEAR-OLD EARL: THE EARL OF SHANNON, WITH HIS BROTHER AND SISTER.

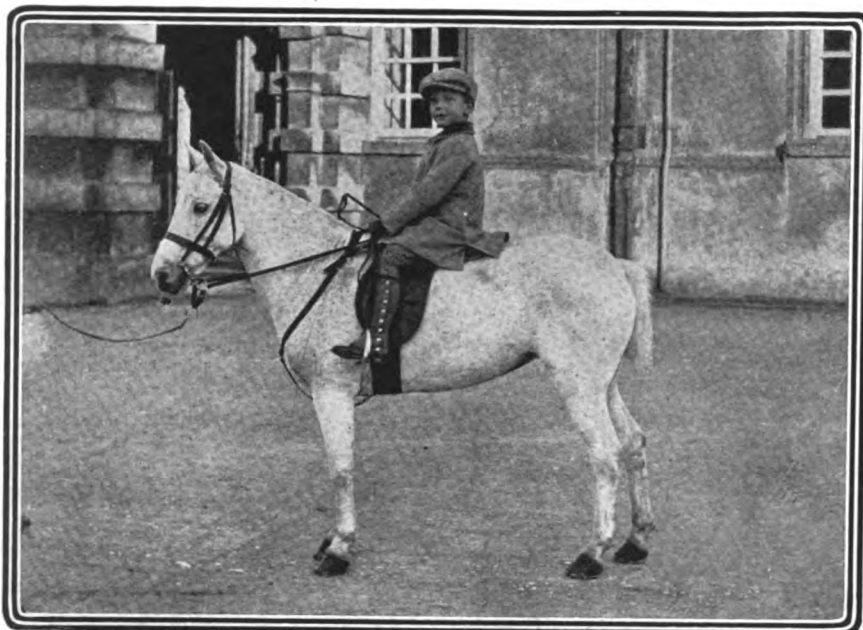
*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

### *An Earl of Nine Years.*

There is always something pathetic in the sight of a child succeeding to great family honours; this is the fate which has befallen the new Earl of Shannon, who was till but a fortnight ago known to all and sundry as Viscount Boyle. The chief of this branch of the Boyle family is a fine, sturdy little boy, nine years old. Only last year his father sold his famous country seat of Castlemartyr. The young Earl is, however, a considerable landowner in America, for there his father ranched with success and acquired some important property. Lord Shannon is one of three children, his heir-presumptive being his own brother; while his sister comes next to him in age. The Earl is, of course, in the guardianship of his mother, who is English by birth.

### *A Future Sporting Duke.*

Lord Worcester, who in years marches with the century, is already a very keen little sportsman; and this certainly is as it should be, for the Badminton Hunt easily leads in the matter of our national outdoor amusement. It may be doubted whether any future Duke was ever more eagerly longed for than the only son and heir of the Duke of Beaufort: his birth had been preceded by that of two little girls, and immense were the rejoicings when he finally made his appearance, some five years after his parents' marriage. Lord Worcester's godfathers represent politics on the one hand, and sport on the other, for they are Mr. Balfour



A FUTURE SPORTING DUKE: THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER.

Photograph by Whitlock, Ltd.

and Lord Lonsdale. So far, the youthful Marquess is wholly devoted to sport, and the Badminton Hunt has no more faithful and intrepid follower than the little lad who all hope will, in the fullness of time, become Master in his turn. The Duchess—who lately, it will be remembered, had a hunting accident—is both a plucky and graceful horsewoman, and Lord Worcester's sisters are both almost as fond of riding as he is himself.

#### The Head-Stone of Art.

That same stone which the jury of artists rejected is become the head-stone of European art. M. Rodin has lived to enjoy the fame for which he so long toiled without recognition or acknowledgment. He and the gracious partner of his triumphs did not need Mr. Frank Lawton's fine tribute to assure them of the esteem in which they are held in England. Come to think of it, Rodin is the pioneer of the *Entente Cordiale*. When the feeling between England and France was far from friendly, artistic London brought him to our capital and banqueted and honoured him as though to show that there is no such thing as national division in Art. He is well on towards his three-score years and ten now, but he is young in virility and force, in imagination and enthusiasm. The indomitable spirit which the prejudice and discouragement of his contemporaries of bygone days could not subdue still burns brightly within his stout frame, and before "finis" be written to his labours we shall hope to see new history made for the later editions of his biography.

#### Piercing the Straits.

The Channel Tunnel is all the talk in Paris. It is really a very fascinating idea, to do the journey between the two capitals in four hours, if a tunnel bored the way between Dover and Calais. A paper has been read before the Paris Chamber of Commerce showing how easy the whole affair is. You have only now to find the money—a mere bagatelle of sixteen millions. Seven years would be occupied in the transaction—in piercing a central tunnel and two bilateral tubes, through which the trains would have to run. They have figured it out very nicely, showing that a profit of a million-and-three-quarters would be reached at the end of the first decade. But is it so certain that the supervening chalk between shore and shore would prove as docile as is expected? There might be a fissure or a fold in it, which would seriously complicate the engineering problem. And then the public would clamour for their money. We do not want another Panama affair, do we? on our side of the Straits. Of course

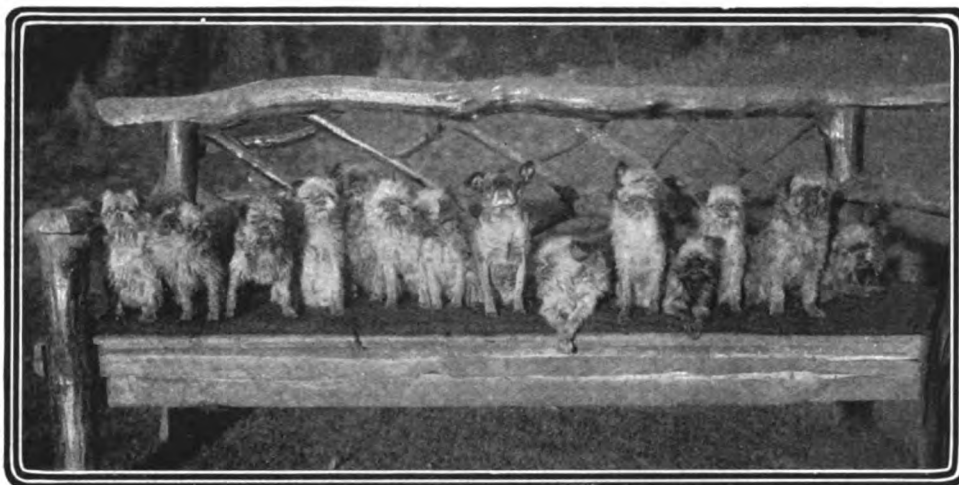
there is the military side too, but that is not very serious. As Sir William Holland said the other day: "To think otherwise would be to put a slur on our capacity as an Empire to defend ourselves."

**A Paid Legislator.** In connection with the increased salaries which the French Deputies have generously voted themselves, a capital story is told of an Italian Member of Parliament. In Italy the Deputies do not get any salary, but they are allowed to travel free by railway. When Signor Marguani was elected, he was earning about five pounds a month, but as he was taking part in the campaign of obstruction against the Government, he had to live in Rome for several weeks at a time, and was unable to go home. He could not afford to rent a flat, and the problem before him was, where was he to sleep? He solved it in this way. Every evening about eleven o'clock he went to the railway station and took the first train that was starting. He got into a first-class carriage, and rolled himself up on the seat and went to sleep. When the train got to Naples or Milan, or wherever it was, he got out, took the first train back to Rome, and resumed his nap on the seat. He did this for several months, and became so accustomed to it that for a long time afterwards he could not sleep in a bed.

#### Toys in Paris.

Paris is famous for its toys. It is one of the special industries in which the French excel. They show greater taste and ingenuity than the Germans, though they do not work as cheaply. The shops, and the streets too, are full of toys—toys for Christmas and the New Year, the latter being the greater *fête chez nos voisins*.

One of the most amusing of the little contrivances to entertain the French child is a ball which, pursuing its circular path round an upright post, arrives at the summit, opens itself like an Easter egg, and exhibits a little tin man who holds in his hand a flag. It is the old familiar principle of Jack-in-the-box, only Jack takes a spiral journey before he exhibits himself. An odd little figure in the streets, and quite the latest toy, is the manikin in a sack, supposed to represent a sack-race. He bounds and jumps in company with the bear who is perpetually going through Swedish exercises, and the little British soldier in khaki who seems to be bent on piercing with his bayonet the fifth button of a Parisian *sergent de ville*, raising his little *bâton blanc* with spasmodic vehemence.



NO MORE ROOM: A SHOW-BENCH OF GRIFFONS.

Photograph by Brunell.



ONCE REJECTED, NOW THE HEAD-STONE OF ART: AUGUSTE RODIN, WITH MME. RODIN, IN HIS GARDEN AT MEUDON.

Photograph by Lawrence and Co.





OUR "AMJASSADRESS" AT MADRID: LADY DE BUNSEN.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

*A Brilliant "Ambadress."* Lady de Bunsen is peculiarly fitted to be this country's "Ambadress" at Madrid, for she is a niece of the late Lord Rowton, and as a child was the special favourite of the late Lord Beaconsfield. Thus, even before her marriage to the then Mr. Maurice de Bunsen, most promising of diplomatists, she was accustomed to the ways of Courts and of the great world; and both in Paris, and later at Lisbon, Lady de Bunsen, in spite of her youth—for her marriage took place only seven years ago—at once played a commanding part. The position of Sir Maurice in Madrid is rendered both more responsible and more agreeable by the fact that the Queen of Spain is an Englishwoman. Both

the Ambassador and Ambadress were among the very first to congratulate their Spanish Majesties on their escape from a terrible death on the eventful wedding day, and Lady de Bunsen is on terms of close and affectionate friendship with Queen Victoria Eugénie. Time was when comparatively few British people of distinction visited Madrid, but now Spain has become the fashion, and Sir Maurice and his brilliant wife entertain on a considerable scale.

*A Famous Amateur Leading Lady.* Mrs. Willie James has been delighting West Sussex both with her own admirable acting and with the always coveted presence of Royalty. Chichester was *en fête* in honour of the three performances organised by the gifted, energetic mistress of West Dean on behalf of a local charity, and leading the applause were Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who were among the leading lady's guests in her Sussex home. Mrs. Willie James takes the histrionic art really

seriously. She generally plays one of the most important rôles of the Chatsworth theatricals organised each New Year in honour of the King and Queen's visit to the Duke of Devonshire, and she is especially happy in light comedy and in personating quite young girls.

*An Important "Elder Son."*

William George Edward Brownlow, who will be five years old this February, is not the least important of youthful elder sons, for in addition to being a future Peer, he is grandson to Lord Cadogan, one of the small group to whom rumour persistently attributes a coming Dukedom. Lord and Lady Lurgan had been married nine years when the birth of a son and heir

caused great rejoicings both on their estates and in their own intimate circle. Their Majesties were among the first to congratulate the proud parents, for they have known Lady Lurgan from her infancy. An amusing incident, of which Master Brownlow was the hero, took place not long ago at one of the Queen's children's parties at Buckingham Palace. It was a fine summer day, and the three-year-old little boy amused himself with picking daisies and solemnly presenting them to the scarlet-coated bandmen. Queen Alexandra, who is devoted to little children, begged him to give her a daisy; but he solemnly shook his head, and replied, "No; grass for you," evidently considering that daisies alone were worthy of those who wore the King's scarlet.

*Mr. Chaplin's Grandson.*

The birth of a grandson—a chip of the old block—to Mr. Henry Chaplin, most popular of politicians, agriculturists, and sportsmen, must have brought many hearty congratulations



A FAMOUS AMATEUR LEADING LADY: MRS. WILLIE JAMES.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

to the old-time champion of Protection. The parents of the important baby, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Chaplin, were married about eighteen months ago at Warter Priory, the home of the bride, and the wedding was, perhaps, the most important event of the kind which had taken place in the country for a very long time. As Miss Gwladys Wilson, Mrs. Eric Chaplin was considered the loveliest of the Wilson cousins, and it was thought at one time that she would make as great a marriage as did her sister, now Lady Chesterfield. Mrs. Eric Chaplin has all the family talents; she acts well, is a keen motorist—driving her own car—and, as is fitting in the daughter-in-law of Mr. Henry Chaplin, is an intrepid horsewoman.



AN IMPORTANT "ELDER SON": THE HON. WILLIAM GEORGE EDWARD BROWNLOW.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN, WHO GAVE BIRTH TO A SON AND HEIR THE OTHER DAY.

From the Painting by Ellis Roberts.



AN AMERICAN PRINCESS: PRINCESS  
FRANCIS HATZFELDT.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

*The Chatelaine of  
Penshurst.*

It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful position than that of chatelaine of lordly Penshurst, which, without being really far from London, has all the prestige and poetry which are attached to only some half-dozen of the stately homes of England. Lady de l'Isle was before her marriage—which took place only some four years ago—the widowed Mrs. Astell; she is an aunt of Lord Gort, and by her first husband the mother of a young son, who is already owner of a noted Cambridgeshire property. Penshurst Place is, of course, noted as having been the home of the great Sir Philip Sidney; but it has other delightful associations, and one of the most charming spots in Lady de l'Isle's garden goes by the name of "Sacharissa's Walk," in memory of that Lady Dorothy Sidney to whom the poet Waller was so devoted. Lady de l'Isle shares her title with Frances, Lady de l'Isle, the widow of the late Peer.



THE CHATELAINE OF PENSURST:  
LADY DE L'ISLE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

cognomen has been equally well known in Society. Mrs. Lawson Johnstone is one of the eight daughters of Lord St. John of Bletsoe, and the marriage was one of the smart December functions of four years ago. Mrs. Lawson Johnstone entertains a good deal, and is becoming well known among those earnest lovers of music who do all they can to advance their favourite art. Indeed, her musical parties have been the means of introducing more than one genius to the music-lovers of Society.

*Princess Batthy-  
ani-Strattmann.*

Princess Batthyani-Strattmann is very often in England, where she and her distinguished husband have many close and intimate friends, especially in the yachting world. But the young Princess—who, it may be said without indiscretion, is many years the Prince's junior—is, of course, seen to most advantage

Perhaps the most brilliant and popular cosmopolitan hostess is Princess Francis Hatzfeldt, who, together with her German husband, entertains on a magnificent scale both in London and in the country. The Princess before her marriage was the beautiful Miss Huntingdon, adopted daughter of one of America's wealthiest railway kings, and when she came to London in the early 'nineties, it was thought probable that she would soon become a British peeress. She met the head of the senior branch of the Hatzfeldt family at the German Embassy, and the marriage of the lovely American and the Prince, who holds at the Prussian Court the high office of Cup Bearer, followed shortly after.

*The Hon.  
Mrs. Lawson  
Johnstone.*

In the world of high finance the name of Lawson Johnstone is regarded with both awe and respect, and since the marriage of Mr. George Lawson Johnstone to Miss Laura St. John the



WELL KNOWN IN BRITISH YACHTING  
CIRCLES: PRINCESS BATTHYANI-STRATTMAN.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

when entertaining great house-parties at the feudal castle in Hungary, where our King has often enjoyed a magnificent hospitality. The Princess is Viennese by birth, and her marriage took place five years ago. She has become exceedingly fond of yachting, and she and the Prince almost invariably spend part of each summer at Cowes, for his Highness is an honorary member of the R.Y.S.

*Lady Clementine  
Waring.*

Lady Clementine Waring is one of the most popular of smart young married women. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Tweeddale, and she inherits her dark beauty and remarkable musical gifts from her Italian ancestry, for Lady Tweeddale belongs to the land of Dante. As Lady Clementine Hay, Lady Clementine Waring edited *City Sparrows*, and she took a really enthusiastic and practical interest in the little waifs and strays of great cities.



AN EARNEST LOVER OF MUSIC:  
THE HON. MRS. LAWSON JOHNSTONE.

Photograph by Thomson.



A BRITISH ARISTOCRAT OF ITALIAN  
ANCESTRY: LADY CLEMENTINE WARING.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



## THE FUTURE KING OF BAVARIA.



PRINCE LUITPOLD MAXIMILIAN LOUIS CHARLES OF BAVARIA IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

To be King of Bavaria has, up to the present time, been regarded as anything but a happy fate. Sinister bad luck has dogged the steps of successive rulers of the most beautiful of German kingdoms, and this is the stranger when one remembers how remarkable and vigorous is the personality of the wonderful old Regent himself. Little Prince Luitpold Maximilian Louis Charles—to give him his full name—is the great-grandson of the Regent, and will probably become, in due course, King of Bavaria. His father is a clever, cultivated, and extremely sane young man, and his mother is one of the delightful group of princesses who are daughters to the Royal oculist, Duke Carl Theodore. The Bavarian royal family, with the one miserable exception of the mad King, all live together at Munich.

*Photograph by J. B. Rottmayer.*



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**When is Christmas Day?**

The sacred thorn at Glastonbury, which is said to bloom every Christmastide, seems to experience less doubt in the matter of chronology than was the case with the early Christian fathers. These found it difficult to establish not only the day and month, but the year itself. As a fact, the real year of the Nativity was what we have to call 4 B.C. The celebrating of birthday anniversaries was an old pagan custom, hence centuries passed before the observance of Christmas became general in Christendom. When inquiry was made with a view to a general adoption of the feast, it was found that the day was kept in various churches upon half-a-dozen dates—in January, March, April, May, and September. Apart from the question of historical accuracy, it was found desirable to make December 25 the occasion of the festival, for pagan Europe had long been accustomed to make the turn of the year a period of jubilation. Partly for this reason, but more because of the licence and ribaldry associated with the pagan festival, Gerson, at the Council of Auxerre, protested that if "all the devils in hell" had put their heads together to devise a feast which should utterly scandalise Christianity, they could not have improved upon this one.

**Fasting and Feasting.**

As everyone has read, our Puritan forefathers abolished Christmas as a public holiday. The Pilgrim Fathers took out to the New World with them the detestation of the observance. For some reason or other there lingers in the North of England and in Scotland, more particularly the latter, if not a contempt for Christmas, certainly less regard for the season than for that of the New Year. It does not apply to Wales. The Principality holds, if not quite a record, at least one which will bear comparison with most others for the size and quality of the feast it had at Christmas-time nineteen years ago at the expense of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn. Wherever he had people dependent upon him, there feasting and merrymaking were the order, even at places so fearsome in name as Rhosymedre and Rhosllanerchrugog. Over five thousand people were his guests for dinner that day, while thousands of yards of cloth and pairs of blankets innumerable helped to swell the total of his beneficence. Such a feast might have made Cromwell turn in his grave were he not buried in so many different places.

**A Real-Life "Scrooge."** It was a happy Christmas for British art which effected the conversion of a Scrooge in real life. John Constable wooed and was loved by the charming granddaughter of old Dr. Rhudde, rector

of Bergholt. Her father was a solicitor in Spring Gardens, a man who was terribly afraid of crossing the testy old cleric. The latter would have nothing to do with Constable, except when the east wind did not blow and his gout was not bad. If his grandchild married this impecunious artist, he said, he would not leave her a penny. The young couple long bore their hard fate. Then the old fire-eater heard that they had become formally engaged. At once he struck her out of his will and disowned her. This decided the lady; she immediately married Constable. Christmas was to exorcise the demon of temper by which the old man was possessed. Under the genial influence of the season he mellowed as men mellow in fiction. He forgave and blessed the rebels, and what is more, he left the artist's wife four thousand pounds in his will.

One of the questions which have been agitating the columns of the daily press is that old one, whether doctors should tell their patients the truth as to their ailments. It would be ungracious to tell, at this period of the year, when Christmas fare multiplies the ills to which hypochondriacal man fancies himself heir. For all the daily papers may say, the doctors will not alter their course in this matter; they know their own business best. What they might do, perhaps, is occasionally to tell well-meaning but injudicious friends what it is that ails a patient, and so avert murderous treatment. When Carlyle heard that his friend Sir Henry Taylor was ill, off from Chelsea to Sheen he flew, armed with a huge bottle of mixture, determined to cure his comrade. From what it was that the latter suffered he had no notion. Of what his patent cure-all was composed he knew as little. All he could say was that it had done wonders for Mrs. Carlyle. "Of what has it cured her?" they asked him. But that was another puzzle to which he had not the answer.

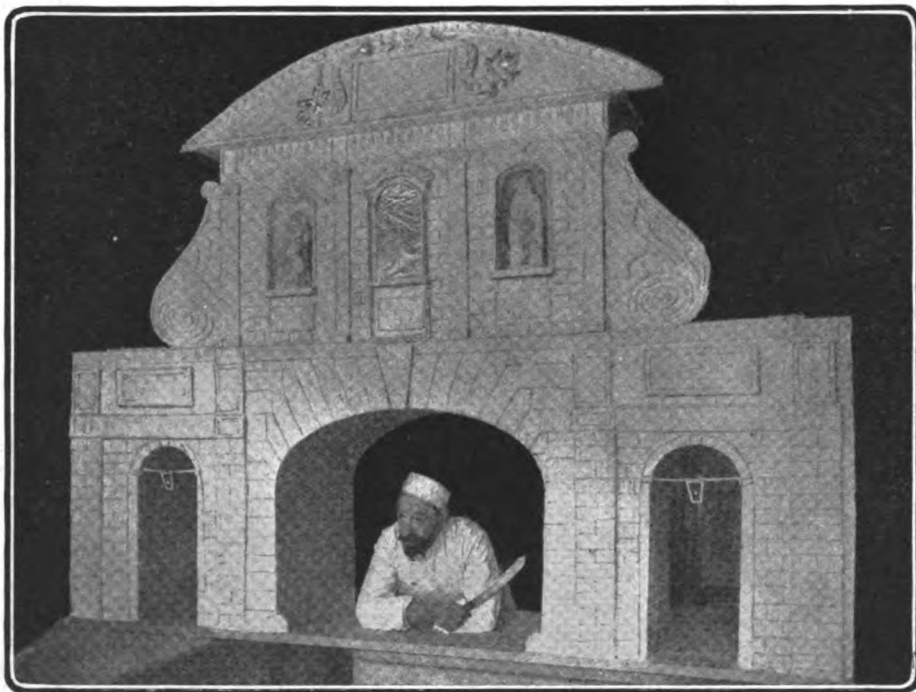
**The Amateur Physician.**

After all, the doctor is not the only man to whom we may turn for alleviation of our physical ills. Tennyson was a physician when bidden discover himself as such. A doctor who had attended the Laureate's wife said to him—"Instead of paying me any fee, come and mesmerise a young lady for me." Tennyson vowed that he could not, but the doctor assured him that he could. And he did. He put the young lady to sleep in an hour at the first time of asking. Afterwards he repeated the feat in the course of a few seconds. The illness from which she was suffering completely disappeared, and when she was better she married the doctor who had induced the Poet Laureate to effect her cure.



**MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S LIVING ALARM-CLOCK: THE PIPER WHO AWAKES THE FAMOUS MILLIONAIRE EACH MORNING.**

It is the piper's duty to play beneath Mr. Carnegie's bed-room window each morning, and thus awaken his master. He also plays during certain meals.—[Photograph by A. Ulyett.]



**A CHRISTMAS CAKE THAT WEIGHS OVER 2000 LB.: "OLD TEMPLE BAR."**

This cake is the work of Mr. Buch, formerly pastrycook to Prince Max of Saxony. It weighs over 2100 lb., is 9 feet long, 7 feet high, 2 feet wide, and called for the use of the following ingredients:

216 lb. Butter	200 lb. Icing Sugar	45 lb. Citron Peel	45 lb. Milk—20 quarts
230 " Sugar	140 " Raisins	45 " Lemon Peel	5 " Fresh Lemon Zest
460 " Flour	140 " Sultanas	45 " Orange Peel	2 " Mixed Spices
300 " Eggs—3000	140 " Currants	30 " Chopped Almonds	1 " Ground Nutmegs, and
120 " Almond Paste			1 " Essence of Lemon

Photograph by Park.



OUR WONDER-

FUL WORLD!



AN ACTRESS WHO HAS MADE A FORTUNE BY GAMBLING IN SABLES: Mlle. "PAVLOVA II."  
Mlle. "Pavlova II.," an actress the Tsar is very fond of seeing, recently made a large fortune by gambling in sables and other costly furs. Within the last two years the price of sables especially has risen considerably, and Mlle. "Pavlova II." made a corner in good sable-skins two or three years ago.



AN ACTRESS ARRESTED BECAUSE HER DOG WORE SHOES OF "REVOLUTIONARY COLOUR."  
The Kaiser has a rooted objection to red, which is known as "the revolutionary hue." Fraulein Edith Hané was recently arrested by a Prussian policeman for leading through the streets her lap-dog Jumbo, who wore a scarlet coat and geranium-coloured shoes.



Mlle. LIANE DE POUGY, WHO IS TO MARRY THE DOCTOR WHO CURED HER.

Mlle. Liane de Pougy is to marry the young doctor who attended her at the Beaujon Hospital after her recent motor-car accident. Since she left the hospital she has sent each day to the doctor a letter and a box of cigarettes stamped with the initials of the doctor and herself.



DECKED WITH A PEARL NECKLACE WHILE SUPPING WITH A PARISIAN JEWELLER: Mlle. LORRAINE.

A French jeweller, supping with Mlle. Lorraine, requested the actress to place a pearl necklace round her neck, and asked whether she thought it suited her. His next move was to sue the actress in court, on the ground that she had promised to purchase the necklace.



AN ACTRESS WHO HAS SUGGESTED A "GIRL NAVY" FOR FRANCE: Mlle. COMPTON.

Mlle. Compton, the popular Anglo-French actress, has petitioned the French naval authorities to create a navy for girls or allow girls to enlist in the navy. She is desirous of becoming the first French lady naval officer.



AN ACTRESS WHO TOOK AN UNEXPECTED BALLOON ASCENT: FRÄULEIN ASTA WESTERGAARD.

Fraulein Westergaard, with two friends and an aeronaut, was in a captive balloon when the rope broke, and the balloon shot up. Fortunately, the aeronaut, being a skilled man, kept his head, and a safe return to earth was eventually made.



AN ACTRESS WHO HOLDS A DIPLOMA AS A "VET": Mlle. BOZENA BRADSKY.

Mlle. Bradsky, a Hungarian actress, holds the diploma of the Veterinary College of Surgeons, and makes a specialty of nursing sick dogs at her private canine sanatorium. Her fees are from £10 to £15 per cure.



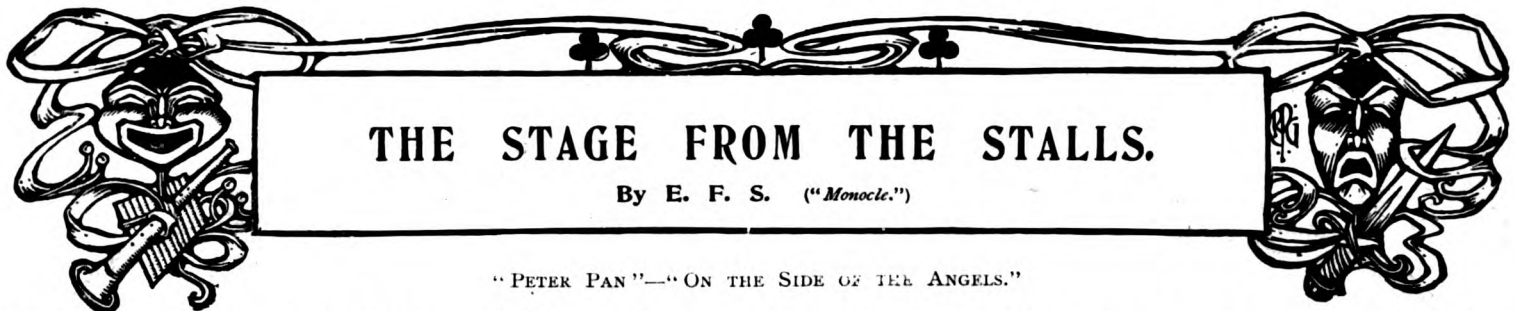
AUSTRIAN ACTRESSES WHO CLAIM TO BE BRITISH NOBILITY.

"The Aristocratic Sunflowers" are singers and dancers, and are billed as two British ladies of title. A footnote to the programme adds that when they have made £10,000 they will return to their ancestral castle "situated on one of the islands off the coast of England."



THE ACTRESS WHO GAVE WHISTLING SOLOS IN A NEW YORK CHURCH: Mlle. GALLET.

Some sensation was caused recently by the fact that Dr. Goodchild arranged that Mlle. Gallet should whistle the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" in his church. Mlle. Gallet has also whistled and sung in other places of worship in America.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"PETER PAN"—"ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS."

"PETER PAN" the perennial, like Peter himself, won't "grow up." Even in its third year it seems wonderfully young and ingenuous, save in certain additions made since its birth. The first version was the best; even Mr. Barrie has been unable to catch the spirit of the piece in the interpolated scenes. Yet the play as it stands is delightful. There are, I believe, people who do not like the piece: I am sorry for them, but there is no use in arguing on the matter—the case is one of *de gustibus*. Perhaps they are musicians with a grievance—a grievance which I share; "Peter" deserves something more like Humperdinck's music than that which accompanies it at present. What about Peter himself, or rather about the new Peter—Miss Pauline Chase? Well, Peter I., Miss Nina Boucicault; and Peter II., Miss Cecilia (really "Cissie") Loftus are still more vivid in my mind than the Peter III. of last week. The new fairy boy is bright, lively, and graceful; but the note of poetry has gone, and with it have disappeared the little thrills of emotion that we enjoyed. No one thought of the earlier Peters as "pantomime boys," but the idea is possible concerning Miss Chase. Perhaps I am affected by prejudice: I notice that one critic says that there is "a piquancy in her slight American accent"; of course, the matter is one of taste: certainly, I have a prejudice against the accent—in this character—and also against the rather hard voice. The applause of the audience showed that I was in the minority—as usual, alas!

However, Wendy is there. That the writers in the December *Grand Magazine* did not all select Miss Hilda Trevelyan's Wendy as "the finest piece of acting I have seen" is puzzling. The part is difficult; the ordinary actress could not make it more than prettily comic; but in Miss Trevelyan's little hands the child-mother is exquisitely pathetic, as well as deliciously humorous. The wonder is that, after all this time, her work should be as fresh as at first; it seems as spontaneous as the growth of a violet, yet is as carefully calculated as the designs for a mountain tunnel. Mr. Gerald du Maurier's James Hook, always admirable, has become richer and more full-blooded in humour without any loss of art. Mr. George Shelton grows more and more comically benevolent in manner as the ruffian who revels in crime and relishes a murder. Peter's band does not seem quite as well trained as before, but the Slightly of Mr. A. W.

Baskomb is still admirable, and Miss Joan Burnett is an ideal Tootles. Mr. Marsh Allen and Miss Sybil Carlisle represent Mr. and Mrs. Darling agreeably, and Miss Mary Mayfren is a picturesque Tiger-Lily, whilst Mr. Sillward, the new Nana, plays excellently.

The task of criticising a play written by a fellow-critic is by no means easy. One is afraid of being too severe in an anxiety to avoid being over-kind through partiality. Some of my fellow-workers have, I think, fallen into the fault of over-severity and out-Brutused Brutus; they have judged "On the Side of the Angels" as if it were a conventional comedy, and condemned it for what seemed to them defects but

The play as it really is appeals to me more strongly than it would if the incorrect view were the right one; and whilst not pretending that it is flawless, a masterpiece, I say with sincerity that it is a very interesting, able study of the three people, the main fault of the study being that two of them talk in somewhat long, conventional phrases. A little revision by some impartial person would soon reform this fault.

A few years ago the clever paradoxes uttered skilfully by Mr. Vane Tempest in the chief light-comedy part would have delighted everybody, for all are neat and some are quite witty; but we have had such a deluge of bad, topsy-turvy epigrams as to be tired of the whole class, irrespective of quality, and this was unfortunate for the author, since his chief humours are not in the very substance of the play, but are confined to these embellishments. There is, however, an amusing picture—capitally presented by Mr. Arthur Playfair—of a wealthy county cad, from which we got a good deal of laughter. How Lady Rolleston came to have such a bouncer as brother, or he to possess so lady-like a woman as sister, I cannot quite understand.

We have had plenty of plays containing drink-studies, and memory tells me that Sherlock Holmes used a morphia-syringe on the stage. I recollect no picture of the cocaine victim before Mr. Courtney's, nor do I think any of the drink-studies have been so true and affecting. Possibly the play would have been finer if we could have said, "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown." For there is nothing about Hawstorne to suggest that the drug-fiend has found a glorious victim. The actual study, of course, is none the worse for this, and the curious symbolic phrases and facts connected with the opal ring are employed quite cleverly in illustrating one aspect of the mental disorder. At the same time, it should be added that Mr. Courtney goes too far or stops too soon with the ring, which is baffling by its mixture of fact and fancy. Want of practice, though Mr. Courtney has had two plays presented—"Kit Marlowe" and "Undine"—prevented him from quite reaching the desired effect in some scenes, and yet several impressed the audience deeply, and the play was very favourably received. Moreover, it acted excellently. Mr. Norman McKinnel made the central figure, Hawstorne, exceedingly interesting. His performance was of remarkable quality, in that even during passages of fierce passion he showed great restraint which enhanced their force. In the third act the audience were thoroughly thrilled by his work; still, one must not ignore the fact that he was presenting a skilfully drawn character. Miss Granville's performance as Lady Rolleston was admirable; it has been said that she was wrong in winning the sympathy of the house. Yet, save in one scene during the last act—a scene to me incredible—she was intended to represent a charming, amiable, unselfish woman, not blameless in her past, but animated by an honest desire to marry Hawstorne, though he was quite an "ineligible." She presented with nice art the pathetic figure of the middle-aged woman anxious to make a great sacrifice for love. Miss Lilian Braithwaite's acting as Grace Mayhew, a character which looks like an ingenué part, but is nothing of the kind, was decidedly clever, and marked by some fine shades. Other work was excellent, notably that of Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Eily Malyon, and Miss Florence Haydon.



"ROMAN" COSTUME ACCORDING TO FRANCE:  
M. DUQUESNE AS CÆSAR AND MME. BARJAC  
AS CALPHURNIA.

It will be noted that Mme. Barjac is scarcely Roman in her costume as Calphurnia, in "Jules Cæsar."  
Empire seems the dominant note in it.

Photograph by Manuel.



A PLAY TO SEE IN PARIS—"POLICHE" AT THE  
COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE: Mlle Cécile Sorel as ROSINE.

Photograph by Manuel.

are really qualities. The play of the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* is, in fact, a strong, cruel study of a drug-sodden man and two women, the better of whom would find her claim to be "on the side of the angels" bitterly resented by the apparently sexless inhabitants of the celestial regions. The comedy has been criticised as if it were a pretty story concerning an amiable weak man rescued from the snares of a wicked woman, and weaned from a deadly habit by the pure, devoted love of a simple country girl.



A JEROME K. JEROME STORY ON THE STAGE: "TOMMY."

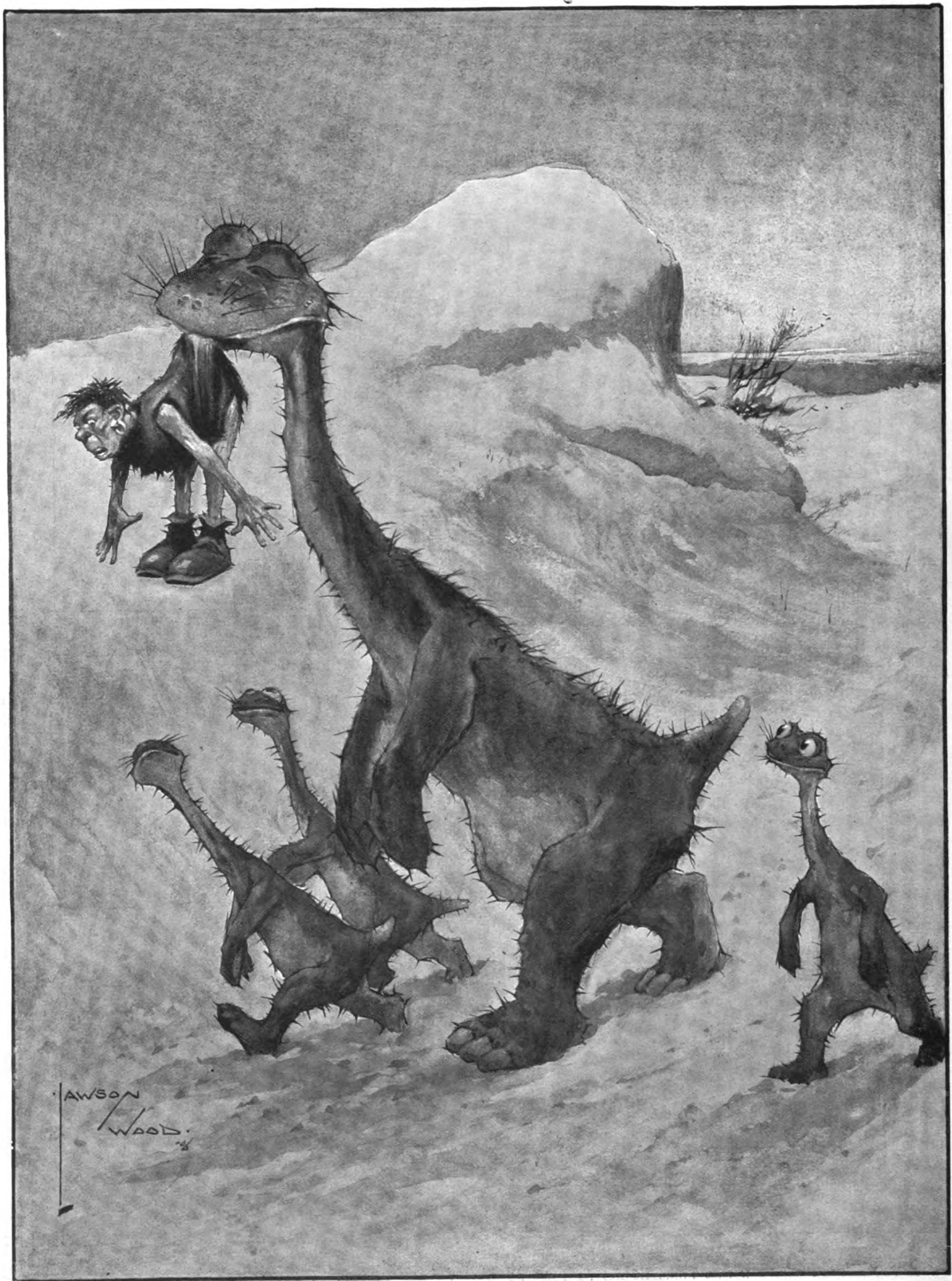


1. MISS ANNIE HUGHES AS TOMMY, AND MISS MOYRA CREEGAN AS "MR. MORRISON."

2. MR. EVELYN VERNON AS PETER HOPE, MR. WILLIAM CALVERT AS WILLIAM CLODD, MR. A. E. BENDICT AS FLIPP,  
AND MISS ANNIE HUGHES AS TOMMY.

*Photographs by Bassano.*

## THE MISSING GUEST—

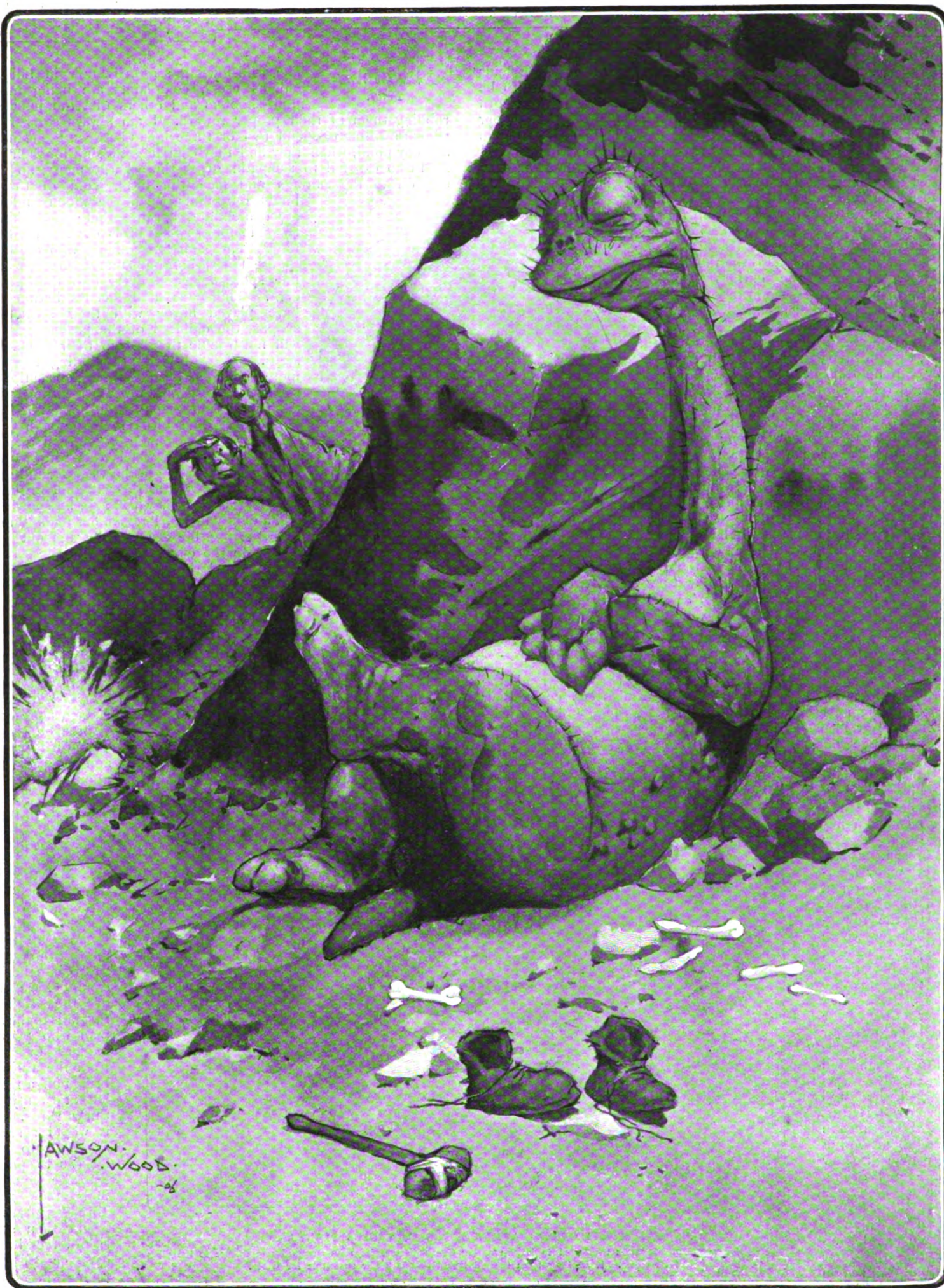


GOING HOME TO DINNER.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



—AND HIS HOST!



"AFTER DINNER REST AWHILE."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





## WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*The Rabbits' Roads.*

All the hedgerow growths have gone, the fields are bare, and the tracks of the rabbits are to be seen plainly across the land. Where the corn has been cut and the stubble has not met the plough, the line of our friend Bunny is particularly clear. In summer the rabbits—who, by the way, always pass along the same roads between their homes and their feeding-grounds—nibble all the young grass that threatens their tracks, till their path through the corn-field is as clear in its way as a well-kept ride in a plantation. Even in the depths of the corn the rabbit knows that he is beset by enemies, and he must have a perfectly clear road to travel by. It may be, too, that smooth ground helps the rabbits when they have to make the curious drumming sound that is undoubtedly a warning of impending danger to family and friends. When winter comes they seem to rely far more upon their protective colouring than upon their running powers, though they will not go into the open, if they can help it, in wet or foggy weather. The hare, on the other hand, never seeks the wood unless he must. Even a snowstorm has no terrors for him; he will squat in his form, and allow the snow to cover him; the warmth of his breath makes a sufficient aperture to allow him as much air as he needs. The snow becomes a warm mantle, and helps him to retain his body's heat, even if he has to go without food for a day or two. On the bare fallows, the hare may well be invisible to the town-bred eye, but many a skilled countryman can see him at once, and hunting-men have told me that when they ride across the ploughed land they can see every hare in the field without any effort.

*The Story of Bare Fields.*

When the land is bare and can show nothing to the casual eye, the Londoner is apt to wax incredulous if his country friends should read the field's story for him. While four-footed creatures can cover their own tracks in summer because the growth helps them, and only keep their tracks clear in places like cornfields, where they are unlikely to be disturbed, the winter story is very plainly told. The countryman does not only see the hare's form, and the odd places in meadows where the rabbit has taken advantage of a few hours of sun, but can read very many fascinating stories on a land that is absolutely dumb to the townsman. He knows where the hare has passed, and to what destination; where the rabbits went, and whether they were pursued or at their ease. He can trace the fox, and tell whether he was coming home well laden or without spoils. Sometimes in the neighbourhood of a river he will show you the seal of an otter along the banks or on fallows some hundred yards away, for there can be no doubt that the otter takes to the land when the rivers will no longer yield their supplies. If the countryman could and would tell the stories that the land has told him there would be small use in the scheme of things for the amateur naturalist, who at best can steal no more than two days out of the seven from his desk and the duties that await him there.

*Enter the Wild-Fowl.*

The wild-fowling season is now in full swing, and, as usual, complaints are being made by flight-shooters and others that the punt gun is robbing them of their proper reward. I am always sorry for men who are willing to spend two or three hours between the estuary and a decoy pond, when they find they cannot get a shot for their labour. And who can fail to sympathise with those hardy men who will go out on to the saltings and face the bitter cold of the small hours on nights when the moon and clouds are contending, because there is a chance of an odd shot or two at birds coming in with the tide? These marsh-shooters, who are content to use twelve-bore guns and No. 4 shot, are fine sportsmen, and every bird they get they earn. Punt-guns and decoys between them have played havoc with their sport, and I suppose the children of the present generation will not trouble to follow in their fathers' footsteps. If wild-duck are tending to become more common, despite their persecution, it is because many people procure a sitting of wild-duck eggs, and raise them at home not far from the house. The birds retain enough of their wildness to travel a mile or so in pursuit of their favourite food, or when they think there is some sudden change in the weather, and respond to it in accordance to their natural instinct, and at the same time they will afford a sporting shot and a dainty dish. I remember reading in some old sporting book a grave statement by the author to the effect that wild ducks, by their constant and rigorous exercise, "rid themselves of all unwholesome humours," and are consequently better eating than their tame brethren.

*Reckless Slaughter.*

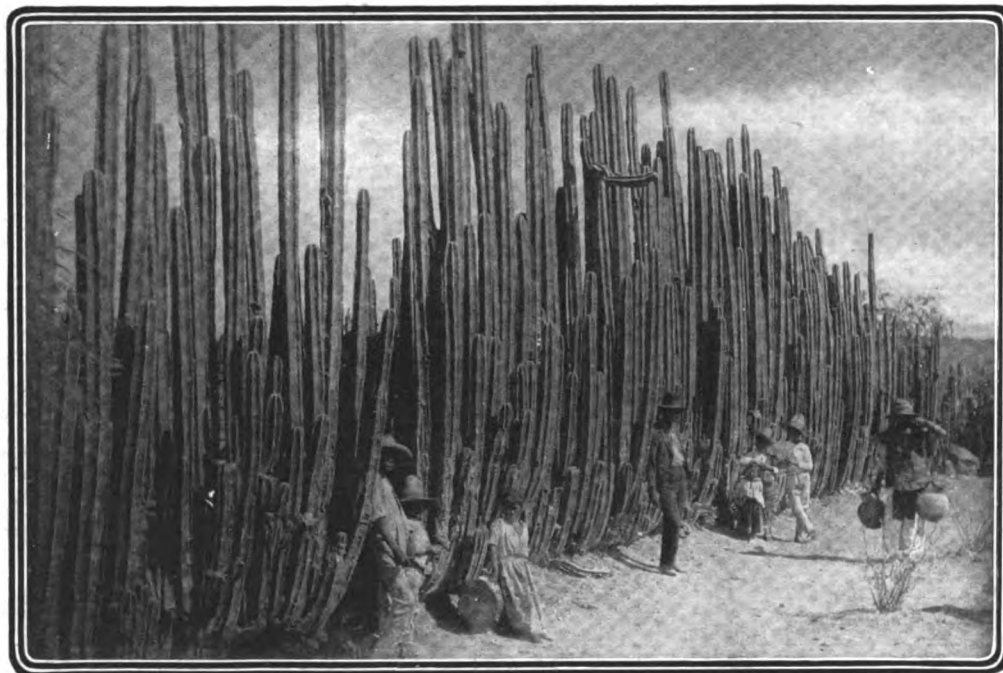
It is as well that steps should be taken to raise wild duck artificially, for the methods used in their pursuit are often quite unsportsmanlike. Only a few weeks ago a picture was published in the *Illustrated London News* illustrating some duck-shooting on the Prince of Monaco's preserves at Marchais, in the department of Aisne. The sportsmen—save the mark—used duck-guns of 45 calibre, mounted on field-carriages, and requiring 115 grammes of powder and 500 grammes of lead. Even the ordinary duck-guns, when used, were placed on rests, with cushions to save the recoil. Such procedure is little short of a burlesque of sport, and I am sure that the man who plumps "right into the brown" cannot have a tithe of the satisfaction that falls to the sportsman who puts up a mallard or a duck from the rushes and brings off a right and left at twenty-five or thirty yards. Surely it would serve quite as well to employ lackeys to point the machine guns and pull the triggers. The "sportsmen" would then save all risk of recoil and the disgrace of missing their shot. Moreover, common sense must teach us that no class of bird can survive for long such indiscriminate attacks, unless artificial rearing is resorted to, and in the long run hand-reared birds can never yield half the sport that is associated with the wild bird, who must be faced with cunning equal to his own before he comes within gun-shot.



VANDAL LOVERS OF WORDSWORTH: ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE "WE ARE SEVEN" GRAVE IN CONWAY CHURCHYARD (X).

The gravestone in Conway Churchyard that is associated with Wordsworth's "We are Seven" ("Two are in the churchyard laid"), has suffered much at the hands of souvenir-seeking vandals. In many parties of tourists there is one who takes a chip of the stone; hence its present size and condition.

Photograph supplied by Knowles.



NATURE'S ORGAN: A FINE HEDGE OF CACTUS PLANTS.

The particular species of cactus illustrated is known as the Organ Cactus, from its supposed resemblance to the pipes of an organ. It retains within itself a liquid that is a fair substitute for water.

Photograph supplied by Shepstone.



# THE ORIGIN OF THE CAKE-WALK?



AN AMERICAN SKY-SCRAPER DWELLING—SEEN FROM BELOW.

Is it possible that we have at last discovered the real origin of the cake-walk? May it not be that the American has become so accustomed to leaning back in an endeavour to see the top of the buildings in his streets that the attitude has crept into his dances? At least, the theory is plausible.

*Photograph by Lazarnick.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE notices of Ferdinand Brunetière have been interesting. By far the best is that of Paul Bourget. Everyone writes about him with respect, for the pathos of his ending, by a tubercular disease of the larynx, touched all hearts. Never was disease more apparent than in that wasted, shadow-like frame. Like many other consumptives, Brunetière had the temperament of an orator, and in his day achieved considerable oratorical success. He had all the pugnacity of the Celt: along with that the power of sustained labour. Catholicism and Socialism divided his interests, and though he ultimately preferred the former, he had to the end an unmistakable kindness for the latter. He was only fifty-seven, and very few lives have been fuller than his. To the last he went on achieving greater and greater influence, but his success brought him little joy, for in the very height of it he went on to maintain that life is a poor business at best and hardly worth living. His critical work, like all critical work based on rigid theories, will probably not survive him long, but his intense and ardent character and his eminent editorial talent have changed the course of things, whether or not his part in the change continues to be recognised. Through all he went on with his work. He died sitting in his study chair.

Very appropriate, very cheerful, very pleasing are the nine volumes in which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have issued the Christmas numbers of Charles Dickens's *Household Words*. The get-up of the volumes is quite in good taste, and the authors' names are added to the stories. Dickens himself contrived the setting, and did it admirably. Among the list of contributors now revealed are some unexpected names. Hepworth Dixon is one, Adelaide Anne Procter is another; Samuel Sidney, of whom I never previously heard, is a third. Among other names that are new to me are Eliza Griffiths, T. W. A. Buckley, and Dr. Cormack. But Dickens discovered, like other editors, that the main part of his paper had to be prepared by experienced practitioners, and it is evident that he relied most of all upon Wilkie Collins and Mrs. Gaskell. He himself was, of course, the life and soul of all. I hope the reception accorded to these winsome little books will lead to the publication of *All the Year Round* Christmas numbers, which, if I may trust my recollection, were even better.

The Knutsford Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works, published by Smith, Elder, and Co., reaches its completion with "Wives and Daughters," which the editor, Dr. Ward, rightly regards as the most artistically perfect of all her productions. It cannot be said that in "Wives and Daughters" Mrs. Gaskell took a new departure. There was no need she should. When she wrote it she was in her fifty-fourth year, and her genius was in the full sunlight of its midday course. We learn that she hesitated about her title. Among the names she thought of were "The Two Mothers," "Molly and Cynthia," and "Mr. Gibson's

Daughters." But no doubt she made the wise choice. Dr. Ward thinks that Clare is a creation which "in fluid subtlety surpasses any other previously attempted by Mrs. Gaskell, and which Thackeray himself might have envied had he been prone to literary envy." He says also that the type represented by her is common, perennial, and most detestable. This may be too severe. I am glad to learn that there is now some prospect of a fuller and more satisfactory biography of Mrs. Gaskell being given to the world.

We have one more volume from Mrs. C. W. Earle, with the attractive title, "Letters to Young and Old" (Smith, Elder). Her first book,

"Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden," has attained its twenty-eighth edition, though still published at a high price. Mrs. Earle tells us in her preface that she has reached the age of seventy, and thought of giving over the writing of books. A nephew suggested that she should publish a volume of her letters, and happily she has complied. There is no need to discuss Mrs. Earle's literary characteristics. The charm of her books resides in her thorough knowledge of life, her sympathetic spirit, and her simple style. Some might say that her gentle fanaticism about the importance of diet is also attractive. It is so rare to find anyone who cares particularly about anything. I confess that I have read the section about diet in this volume with some entertainment. Mrs. Earle's *bête-noire* is tea. She is a vegetarian and all the rest of it, but tea is for her the enemy. Needless to say, she sympathises with the teetotalers, but she thinks that they have done great evil by encouraging the use of tea. She holds that tea and coffee have played an enormous part in lowering the health of the entire civilised race. Tea is a poison of the same group as uric acid. It is frequently the parent of alcoholism, and it also causes insanity. Mrs. Earle is trying to give up salt. She will not use oranges or apples in the winter.

She does not touch lemonade at any time. Bi-carbonate of soda, nuts, and preparations of dried milk seem to be her mainstay. When she treats of ordinary matters she is bright and sensible, and her notes on gardening are particularly good. One of her shrewd remarks may be quoted. Referring to a German officer who said that he was always struck by the extreme ignorance of English girls, that they very often did not know that Austria was not Germany, Mrs. Earle declares that she was not surprised. "So far as I can judge, I should say that the generation of children who would rank as my grandchildren are being very intelligently and liberally educated. But the generation of those who are about thirty now, I think, were certainly less well educated—above all, in art, and knowledge of foreign countries and languages—than were the generation to which I myself belong. Probably this is greatly owing to the immense amount of time given to outdoor games."

O. O.



THE OLD LADY: Oh, Sir, please do let me go on. Think of your own poor old mother.

THE HIGHWAYMAN: Come orf it, lidy; it ain't no good. I was brought up in a hincubator.

DRAWN BY FRED. BUCHANAN.



CAWS AND EFFECT.



"CHORUS, PLEASE!"

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE GHOST OF A GENTLEMAN.

BY OWEN OLIVER.



THE ghost of Sir Geoffrey Mallinson had his failings, but he was the ghost of a gentleman, and he had not the slightest intention

of annoying anyone. When he found that the female portion of the family shrieked and fainted at his appearance, he decided not to "walk" when ladies were present. When Sir Charles, fourth of that name, shut up the picture-gallery, after he had frightened the footman into a fit, he inferred that his presence was not wanted, and ceased to walk at all. He was both hurt and annoyed by the coldness of his family, and he solemnly vowed that he would never "appear" again until he was invited by a male representative of the family. The ghosts of gentlemen keep their word.

For some generations Sir Geoffrey took periodical trips (in an invisible form) to the ancestral halls, to see if his company was desired. After some few hundred years had gone by without any of the descendants passing him the compliment of an invitation, he ceased to visit the foolish little place that the foolish people who live call "the world." He had not been there for fifty years, when the ghost of his friend, Sir Anthony Badham, bustled into the Spectral Club, after a week-end excursion to earth.

"I told you something would happen if you didn't look after your people," he said. "They're going to sell the Castle."

"Eh?" cried Sir Geoffrey. "What! Sell the Castle? I knew Tom Mallinson was a fool; but I never thought he was a scoundrel!"

"Tom!" Sir Anthony cried, "there have been half-a-dozen since him! At least, this is the third—the one I told you about the other year." (Ghosts reckon by years and centuries.) "He married the daughter of a sort of tradesman, you know—a syndicate, I think they called him."

"What did the fool do it for, if the—the syndicate—hadn't money?" Sir Geoffrey snapped.

"He had; but he's lost it at one of their new-fangled gaming clubs—the Stock Exchange, they call it. The old man lent your fellow money on the Castle, so they're going to take it."

"Take it!" roared Sir Geoffrey. "Take it! Why doesn't he call out the men-at-arms?"

"You can't nowadays," Sir Anthony explained. "The County Council won't let you fight. It's a sort of king, and it has a lot of soldiers in blue uniforms and enormous boots. They call them the police. You'll have to do something to stop it."

"How the—the Chaucer can I stop it?" Sir Geoffrey roared.

"Why don't you go and see him?" Sir Anthony suggested. "They're rather nervous about apparitions in these days, and if you startled them, perhaps they wouldn't do it."

"How the deuce can I 'appear' when he hasn't invited me?" Sir Geoffrey demanded. "You remember my vow?"

"Ah!" said Sir Anthony. "Umph! Yes, I remember. I don't think he'll invite you. He doesn't believe in us. But you might appear to her. She does."

"Do you think a Mallinson is going to appear to a tradesman's wench?" Sir Geoffrey thundered. "Besides, I said I would never appear to a woman again, after the fuss they made." Sir Anthony shook his head.

"It shows how careful a ghost ought to be before he speaks," he said thoughtfully. "It's a pity. She's a charming woman, and she's taken quite a fancy to your portrait."

"My portrait! They haven't got one. It's in the picture gallery."

"She's made them open the gallery. She has rather a taste for ancestors and all that sort of thing. They're a novelty to her, you see, because she's American."

"American? Where's that?"

"The place that fellow Columbus found. You remember Columbus,

don't you? The bouncer who went about with hard-boiled eggs in his pocket, and did conjuring tricks with them. It's somewhere across the Channel; a savage sort of country, I believe."

"Good Heavens!" Sir Geoffrey cried. "You don't mean that she's black?"

"Black? No! She's as white as—the pinkiest-white you ever saw. You really ought to go and have a look at her, old chap."

"Pshaw!" said Sir Geoffrey. "What's a pinkish-white wench to me? I'm not running after syndicates' daughters, or whatever you like to call them, at my time of life. If a man hasn't finished sowing his wild oats by the time he's three or four hundred, he ought to be ashamed of himself. Are you going to have a rubber?"

One of the wandering ghosts had brought a game called bridge to Spectreland, and it was very popular just then.

"Very well," said Sir Anthony. "If you don't care about the treasure I don't; but I thought . . . Well, I never!"

At the word "treasure" Sir Geoffrey vanished like a—ghost. No respectable spirit ever allows a buried treasure to pass out of the family. That was why he walked, of course.

He caught a shooting-star express, and arrived at the Castle in a few hours. He spent the night looking round the picture-gallery. The portraits had been restored, and the old furniture renovated by appreciative hands, and he felt quite at home there. It was several hours after daybreak, and he was still looking at the old faces, when he heard the rustle of a dress, and stood still in front of his portrait. He was, of course, invisible.

The lady was shapely and comely, and dressed in a new-fangled way that was yet becoming. She was about eight-and-twenty, and she was more pinkish than white, because she had been crying. She walked up to Sir Geoffrey's picture and nodded at it through him, as if they were old friends. He bowed an invisible bow. If this was a syndicate's daughter, he thought, a syndicate must be a very superior sort of tradesman.

"The intruder in your noble family is going, Sir Geoffrey," she said—she had a singularly sweet voice, though her modern accent sounded foreign to him. "If you walk, as they say, I suppose you are glad; but I think I should have made you like me if you had been alive."

She smiled. Sir Geoffrey thought for a moment that a sunbeam had straggled in through one of the high, arched windows.

"I was only 'money,' I know," she continued. "I'm not even that now; but I have guarded the traditions of your house, and I teach them to my little sons. Dear Sir Geoffrey, you wouldn't want them to go. Won't you show your treasure to me? I shouldn't be frightened of you, Sir Geoffrey, because I like you. That is true, you know."

She touched the picture lightly. Her hand went through the ghost of Sir Geoffrey. He took it in his invisible fingers and lowered his invisible lips to it, and sighed an inaudible sigh. No one else in the family had spoken affectionately to him for hundreds of years. No one else had seemed to prize the family name and traditions. He cursed the foolish vow that prevented his appearance to this charming descendant-in-law, and tried to explain that she must advise her husband to summon him; but he could make no sound louder than the buzzing of a fly. She waved her handkerchief to drive it away. Then she heard a man's step and turned towards the door; and Sir Charles, eighth of the name, appeared—a big, well-featured, heavy-looking man of about thirty-five.

"Saying good-bye to your ancestors, mother?" he asked in a careless voice. Sir Geoffrey noted the testimonial of the name.

"Your ancestors," she corrected. "How you must feel about it!"

Sir Charles laughed and shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I'd sell the lot of my worthy ancestors for a sovereign," he declared. The ghost of Sir Geoffrey shook his fist at him. "It's my descendants that I don't like 'selling'—poor little beggars; I never thought things would turn out like this when I married you."

She gave a sharp cry, and sank on an old settle with her face in her hands. The ghost laid an invisible hand on hers, and a hot tear dropped right through his fingers.

"You needn't have said it," she sobbed. "You needn't have said it."

[Continued overleaf.]



## FIRESIDE PUZZLES, BY "SPHINX."



## I.—THE HONEST DAIRYMAN.

The Londoner is perennially interested in the nature of the constituents of the chemical mixture known as "milk." Here is an opportunity of settling the proportions of milk and water contained in one particular brand. The honest dairyman in the picture is in the act of preparing his contribution to the Metropolitan breakfast-table. The can marked B contains a certain quantity of milk, and Can A contains a certain quantity of water. From Can A he pours enough to double the contents of Can B. Then he pours from Can B into Can A enough to double its contents. Finally, he pours from Can A into Can B until their contents are exactly equal. Then he sends the can marked A to London. Does the buyer get equal proportions of milk and water? Or two parts of milk with one part of water? Or what?—HENRY E. DUDENEY.

(For Solution see "Mere Man" page.)

Sir Charles looked at her in surprise, and pulled his heavy moustache.

"I never *was* clever enough to understand you, Maisie," he remarked. "I give it up. Tell me what I've done."

"Nothing," she said, wiping her eyes and drawing herself up. "Only married me."

Sir Charles shook his head and tugged his moustache again.

"Don't see it yet," he protested. "If *that's* all I've done—upon my word, I believe I'd do it again."

He put his great hand on her fair hair, but she pushed it off.

"If I had money, you meant?" she said.

Sir Charles stared at her for a moment. Then he suddenly flushed, and said a bad word—several bad words. Then he laughed and picked her up in his arms. "No!" he said. "I *didn't*. You little—what shall I call you?"

"Idiot!" she said, and clung to him and laughed and cried. "Of course you didn't. What did you mean, you—you great bear?"

Sir Charles tugged his moustache again.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I meant that I've been rather a useless sort of chap, don't you know; a drone, like my idle ancestors. I tell you what it is, Maisie; ancestors are a mill-stone round a fellow's neck. I'm going to cut the string, and take another name and go into trade and *get on*."

Sir Geoffrey fairly danced with rage. It was obviously impossible to appear to a man who called him an idler and a mill-stone, and was prepared to drop the family name and become a huckster and *get on*! He was going straight back to Spectreland, when the charming "syndicate's daughter" spoke.

"Sir Geoffrey *wasn't* an idler, Charlie," she said firmly. "He was a brave man; and he did a man's work in his days. *You're* going to do a man's work in your days. So he needn't be ashamed of you; and you needn't be ashamed of him or of his name! We're going into trade, Sir Geoffrey! And I'm not afraid to tell you!" She curtsied to the portrait, and went out hanging on her husband's arm. The eyes of Sir Geoffrey followed her.

"Ods bodikins!" he said. "There's the spirit of a man in the wench. I'll ask my solicitors if I can't regard her as a gentleman, and appear to her."

He communicated with his solicitors by spectogram, but they advised him that he had no right to alter the terms of his vow in the manner proposed. He had distinctly undertaken to appear only on the explicit invitation of a gentleman connected with the family, and nothing could make a man of a woman—not even an Act of Parliament or rational costume.

Sir Geoffrey was a law-abiding ghost, and he accepted the decision without a murmur; but he hoped against hope that his unworthy descendant might drop some expression which he could construe as an invitation. So he followed him all the morning as he went over the old place, arm-in-arm with his wife, and with their two little boys clinging to her skirts. She kept smiling at them over her shoulder, and if she wiped her eyes it was when her husband was not looking. Sir Geoffrey came to the conclusion that Sir Charles was not a bad fellow, only a fool. And he thought the syndicate's daughter as fine a woman as Lady Alice Mallinson, who held the Castle for King John at the time of the French invasion, and ever so much sweeter.

She told the story of the siege to her boys when she put them to bed. (She had an old-fashioned idea of the privileges of mothers, and Sir Charles sometimes called her the chief nursemaid.) Also she told them about Sir Geoffrey himself, and the vow that he made, and the tournament that he won, and the treasure that he was said to have buried. Sir Geoffrey's ghost of a heart almost burst his ghost of a body as he watched the boys listening with kindling eyes. Surely, he thought, they would express a wish to see him, these baby gentlemen of the family?

"That is the story of a brave gentleman," she concluded. "He never cried when he hurt himself, or when his nurse wanted him to take his medicine, and he *never* told stories. You must be brave and good like that, and then, perhaps, some day his ghost will come and show you where he put all his golden pennies. You wouldn't be afraid of him, would you?"

"No-o," said Harold, who was six; "not 'fraid, mummy; but I don't like ghosties. I don't fink I want him to come."

"Don't want nasty ghosties," echoed Rudolf, who was four.

The ghost of Sir Geoffrey turned and glided slowly away. He had been prepared to like these toddling descendants of his, and he felt more hurt than he owned to himself that they did not like him. He would go back to Spectreland that very night, he thought. There was no longer a gentleman in the family. He waited in the picture gallery till the next morning, however, to take his invisible leave of the syndicate's daughter, and give her an old ghost's blessing. He was sure she would come to look at him in the faded portrait on the wall.

She came, hanging upon the arm of a square-faced, white-haired man. Sir Geoffrey hoped, at first, that he might be a gentleman of the family; but he found that he was only the huckster whom people called a syndicate. He was a blunt-spoken old man, and he made the ghosts of Sir Geoffrey's hairs stand on their ghostly ends by the way he spoke of him.

"So *this* is your precious spook, Maisie," he said. "A truculent old rascal, by the look of him. Looks as if he had grit, though. To my mind, these old knights were a set of pirates and thieves. If they lived nowadays, we should clap them in prison."

"Rascal! Thief! Prison!" The ghost of Sir Geoffrey laid his

hand upon his ghostly sword and uttered some inaudible expressions not found in modern glossaries of ancient speech.

"Oh, popper!" Lady Mallinson protested. "They were Charlie's ancestors, you know."

"He'd be better if he hadn't any," the old man growled. "He might have learned an honest trade, then, instead of being the sort of waster that people call a gentleman. Ancestors, indeed! Now, look here, Maisie. What is the use of ancestors?"

Lady Mallinson squeezed his arm and looked up in his rugged face.

"What is the use of brave men?" she asked softly, "and the memory of them? *You* ought not to ask, popper. They faced the hard things of their times, like *you* face them."

The old man smiled slowly.

"Right, Maisie!" he said. "Right, child. They faced the music like I'm going to face it; got driven in a corner, and beaten down; and fought on their knees. Good old knights! Sir Geoffrey, I apologise to you. You were a *man*, Sir, from all that I hear."

The syndicate took off an imaginary hat, and Sir Geoffrey bowed an invisible bow. "Man to man means more than 'gentleman and gentleman'; and Sir Geoffrey recognised that this rough old person in trade was a man.

Lady Mallinson laughed and touched the hands of the portrait, and the hands of her father.

"Sir Geoffrey Mallinson—Mr. Jonathan Porkure," she said. "You'd better settle the little matter about the treasure between you. You said you wanted to be alone for a bit, popper. You won't mind the company of a gallant ghost, will you?"

"Delighted to see him," the old man said.

She laughed again.

"Don't forget to ask him about the treasure," she said. "Good-bye; don't worry *too* much, dear."

She kissed the old man and ran away. He sighed once. Then he turned sharply to the portrait.

"They've beaten me to the wall," he said, "Sir Geoffrey. Ten to one against me. They beat you to the wall, didn't they? And you went on fighting. Well, *I'm* going on, Sir. I—"

He stopped with his mouth half-open. Sir Geoffrey had walked promptly upon his invitation, and advanced towards him with outstretched hand. Mr. Porkure gasped—nothing, and shook it steadily up and down.

"Pleased to see you, Sir," he said briskly. "Heard of you from my daughter. You must have been a bit of a rip in your day." Sir Geoffrey looked puzzled. "Seen a bit of service, I understand?" Sir Geoffrey bowed. "Did a little in the way of business too, I gather?" Sir Geoffrey shook his head emphatically. "I meant buried treasure, and all that sort of thing?" Sir Geoffrey nodded. "Just so, just so. There's nothing like putting by for a rainy day. Take a chair, Sir." Sir Geoffrey waved the chair aside with his hand. "Ah-h! No use for it, of course. Just so, just so. May I ask if you have called about the treasure?" Sir Geoffrey signified assent. "Want to make it over to Sir Charles?" Sir Geoffrey shook his head furiously. "To the children? No? That's rather a pity, isn't it? They're nice boys, you know, and the treasure is no use to you, I suppose? Then why—? Do you mean my daughter?" The ghost bowed, with his hand on his heart. "Sir, you do me proud. She's a good girl—a *rattling* good girl." The ghost signified assent, and the syndicate rubbed his hands.

"May I ask where it is?" he inquired. The ghost moved his mouth, but no sound came. Then he pointed to the north end of the gallery. "In the corridor up there, do you mean? . . . No? . . . Can you take me to it? . . . No? Umph! Can you write? . . . If I bring an alphabet book from the nursery, can you point to the letters and spell it out? . . . Can't spell, eh? No elementary schools in your day, of course. Fewer scoundrels if there weren't nowadays. . . . Let me see. . . . I know. Just draw the place on this paper with your finger. I'll follow it with a pencil. . . . You mean it for the broken stairway in the North Tower, don't you? . . . How many steps up? . . . Seventeen? . . . Under the step, do you mean? . . . No? . . . In the wall, eh? . . . Fifteenth brick? Very good. I'll see the matter at once. Can I do anything else for you, Sir? . . . Find yourself pretty comfortable where you are? . . . Glad to hear it. . . . You're the ghost of a gentleman, Sir, and I'm honoured to have met you. Good-day!"

The ghost and the syndicate shook hands warmly. At the end of the handshake the former faded away; and the latter rushed to the door with the sketch in his hand.

They found the treasure in the hollow of the wall of the North Tower steps—tarnished goblets of silver, and mildewed bags that dissolved when they touched them into heaps of mildewed gold; and here and there a noble gem that a noble lady of forgotten days had worn. They laughed and hugged one another with delight; and the ghost of Sir Geoffrey felt a little lonely as he stood unseen beside them. So he stole away to the picture-gallery to wait till they remembered him. It was not very long before Lady Mallinson came; and she touched the stern lips of the portrait with her own sweet ones.

"Pray God," she said, "I may never forget that my little sons are the heirs of a gentleman!"

So she went back to her dear living ones with smiles in her eyes, and Sir Geoffrey returned to the place of the honoured dead with smiles in his.

"The old spirit lives yet," he said, "among the sons of men, and it will live so long as there is a good woman."

THE END.



## A PRIMA-DONNA'S PALACE: MME. MELBA'S HOME.



1. MME. MELBA'S BED-ROOM, SHOWING THE BED ON WHICH THE DAUPHIN OF FRANCE SLEPT ON HIS LAST NIGHT OF ROYAL STATE.

2. THE MUSIC-ROOM, ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL APARTMENTS AT 30, GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE, W.

The wedding of Mme. Melba's son, Mr. George Armstrong, to Miss Ruby Otway took place last week. The famous prima-donna's gifts to the bridegroom included a completely furnished castle in Ireland and £1500 a year.

*Photographs by W. and D. Downey.*



## MEAN IN SPIRIT; GENEROUS IN FLESH.



FIRST CADDY: 'E don't give much away, do 'e?

SECOND CADDY (*who has had greatness thrust upon him*): 'Im? Only 'is old clothes.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.





WHILE studying a Shaksperian part, the conscientious actor never fails to seek out every reference to the character which is in the text, in order that he may represent every phase of it with truth. Mr. Tree has adopted the same idea in his production of "Antony and Cleopatra," which he will produce on Thursday evening, and he will give a vivid representation of one episode which Shakspeare has described. This is the tableau representing Antony's return to Cleopatra, and he will reproduce the incident described by Cæsar in which—

I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself, in chairs of gold,  
Were publicly enthron'd . . . she  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appeared.

The famous barge on which Cleopatra sat will be faithfully realised, and we shall see the poop of beaten gold, the purple sails, the pretty dimpled boys like smiling Cupids, and everything else inventoried in the speech of Enobarbus, who will find an excellent representative in the person of Mr. Lyn Harding. The archæological data on which the barge has been constructed have been derived from pictures of such vessels preserved at the British Museum, undoubtedly reinforced by the recent discoveries in connection with the imperial galley in Nemi, vivid illustrations of which were published in the *Illustrated London News* a short time ago.

While Cleopatra has never taken rank among the great test parts, either of Shakspeare or the legitimate drama—possibly because few of the famous actresses have had the physical qualifications for it—it nevertheless makes certain demands upon an actress. In a way, perhaps, the most difficult task is to satisfy the pictorial attributes of the woman who in the eyes of the great multitude probably represents the supreme beauty in the history of the world's famous beauties. It is, however, considerations of the other and non-physical side of the character and the great difficulties of the task which make Dec. 27 loom on the horizon of Miss Constance Collier as "the great judgment day." In preparing for it she has read the works of many authorities like Brandes and Bradley, as well as North's "Plutarch"; but realising, as only actors and those who have to do practically with the stage realise, that the greatest commentator on Shakspeare is Shakspeare himself, Miss Collier has formed her conception of Cleopatra from the play, and has built up the character on the lines which Shakspeare himself so vividly indicates. Cleopatra appeals to her more than any other of Shakspeare's heroines. Possibly the rare exotic charm of Miss Collier's beauty is the outward sign of an Oriental cast of thought and mentality, a fact which will undoubtedly go far to explain the reason for this choice.

In the annual pantomimic survey of the world, which starts with "Aladdin" from China, if it does not reach to Peru, it is impossible not to be struck with the diversity of the subjects which have been chosen as the basis of these seasonable entertainments. For the first time for several years, the West End will have two pantomimes—"Sindbad," at Drury Lane, and "Red Riding-Hood," at Terry's, while a Harlequinade is to be dropped into "The Belle of Mayfair." In the suburban theatres, there are five versions of "Cinderella," four

of "The Babes in the Wood," and two of "Aladdin," while the other famous nursery tales, like "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Puss in Boots," "Sinbad" (without the middle "d," as at Drury Lane), "Robinson Crusoe," "Bluebeard," "Humpty Dumpty," and "Mother Goose," all figure in the entertainments. It is by no means a regular thing for the provinces to follow London's lead in the race for subjects, yet this year this happens exactly. In a plebiscite of seventy provincial pantomimes, "Cinderella" heads the list with eleven, second place being secured, as in London, by "The Babes in the Wood" with nine. The third place is taken by "Aladdin" with eight, "Red Riding-Hood" coming in fourth with seven, "Dick Whittington" fifth with six, and "Sinbad" sixth with five.

Sir Squire Bancroft's reading, or rather recital, of the "Christmas Carol" last week in aid of the Yeovil Hospital was a particularly interesting event in the history of his association with Dickens's famous ghost story. It was the hundredth occasion on which he has given the reading in aid of hospitals, and as the result of his unselfish labours he has by this effort alone been the means of handing no less a sum than £15,000 to these charities. Unselfish is the only word which can be applied to Sir Squire Bancroft in this connection, for while the gift of his time and the inevitable nervous strain attendant on such performances would undoubtedly be considered handsome by the authorities, seeing how it benefited their funds, he has gone much farther than this, for he has always refused to allow any sum to be deducted for his expenses, travelling or otherwise, and has defrayed them entirely out of his own pocket.



THE MARRIAGE OF AN AMERICAN "BELLE OF MAYFAIR": MRS. HARRY B. SMITH (MISS IRENE BENTLEY).

Miss Irene Bentley, the Princess Carl of the American production of "The Belle of Mayfair" was recently married to Mr. Harry B. Smith, well known as a librettist. Mrs. Smith was playing in her native city, Baltimore, during the week in which she was wedded, but the marriage took place in Boston.

Nature's law of compensation does not usually prevail in the theatrical world. This week, however, its action is very marked, for while Mr. Seymour Hicks gives another playhouse to London in the beautiful new building which bears his name in Shaftesbury Avenue, Mr. Albert Gilmer removes one. This is the Alexandra at Stoke Newington, which, having served its turn as a home of the peripatetic drama, is now relegated to the ranks of the theatres of varieties, and will henceforth be the scene of two performances every night, with a matinée every Thursday.

To the gaiety of Mr. Justice Darling's court, Mrs. Ada M. Brocklehurst Hack, the author of "The Rainbow and the Rose," a new one-act piece, to be produced on Monday afternoon at the Mechanics' Institute, Swindon, once contributed. In the course of her examination she was accused of being an expensive witness, whereupon she gravely turned to his Lordship and informed him, "I always was a little dear." She has lived in Swindon for a quarter of a century, and has held high elective office in the educational work of that town of "industry and salubrity," as she calls it. She is the only woman who ever stood for election or sat on the School Board, which has now been replaced by the Education Council, and her husband is a Town Councillor of the borough. Mrs. Brocklehurst Hack has written several pantomime books and the libretto of an operetta called "Shamrock Land," and many sketches and scenas which are well known in the world of the theatre.



LEEDS' "SLEEPING BEAUTY": MISS JULIA JAMES IN THE TITLE-ROLE OF THE PANTOMIME AT THE GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



THE last of the "twelve o'clock" concerts took place at the Æolian Hall the other day, when a very interesting programme was presented. It opened with Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet, Miss Mathilde Verne taking the pianoforte part with much clearness and distinction. Madame Beatrice Langley, Miss Dorothy Bridson, Miss Cecilia Gates, and Miss May Mukle made up the remainder of the Quintet, and all the artists acquitted themselves exceedingly well; the audience showed much appreciation at the close of the performance. Madame Beatrice Langley played Glazounow's arrangement of Tschaiikowsky's Suite (Op. 42) for Violin. All three movements were beautifully rendered, but perhaps the "Mélodie" was the most impassioned. Owing to indisposition Miss Louise Dale was unable to appear, and her place was taken by Mr. Hamilton Earle, who sang various songs by Schumann, Hugo Wolf, and Weingartner in a thoroughly artistic manner. A further series of these concerts is to be inaugurated on Jan. 31, 1907.

The Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival Committee met last week and reported a surplus of £4415 for the benefit of the General Hospital. This, we regret to say, is £115 less than that taken at the previous festival, three years ago. Persons attending the festival showed a decrease of 298, and the total receipts, excluding donations, a decrease of £375. The expenses of the festival were £301 less than in 1903.

Mr. Maurice Dumesnil, who made his first appearance in London last week at the Steinway Hall, may be said honestly to have earned the welcome which was accorded to him on the occasion of the concert under present discussion. His technique, which is remarkably good, was well displayed in his rendering of Weber's "Rondo Brillant," which he played with a crispness that was altogether delightful to listen to. He also played Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and some Schumann and Chopin works with much grace and refinement. Two pieces from the pen of Gabriel Dupont were also included in the programme.

Mr. Albert Williams, conductor of the band of the Grenadier Guards, should indeed be a proud man, for he has had the degree of Doctor of Music conferred upon him. This, we are told, is a distinction which has never been awarded to any other bandmaster in the British Army. Mr. Williams is a very clever musician, and thoroughly deserves the position which he occupies, as well as his popularity in the service.

The last Queen's Hall Symphony Concert of the present series was honoured last week by the presence of Queen

Alexandra and Princess Victoria, and as Miss Johanne Stockmarr, the solo pianist of the afternoon, is a personal friend of her Majesty, it is safe to infer that her presence on this occasion was

intended as a compliment to the Danish pianist. The concert, under the conductorship of Mr. Henry J. Wood, was an admirable one, and most of the items were quite familiar to the frequenters of these concerts. The chief interest of the afternoon, however, was centred in the Tschaiikowsky Concerto in G major, seldom heard in comparison with the same composer's familiar Concerto in B flat minor. The work in question is of no subtle character, but at the same time is quite characteristic of the composer. Miss Stockmarr played admirably, with no possible exaggeration, and was warmly applauded at the conclusion of the performance.

An enormous audience greeted Mr. Busoni at the Bechstein Hall last week on the occasion of his second recital, many of his listeners having to content themselves with standing room only. The pianist was in his most brilliant form, playing Chopin's Twenty-four Preludes superbly. He also played Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Handel, and Liszt's Fantasia on "Don Giovanni," showing thereby his wonderful powers as a technician. The programme also included Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata."

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra has a second time during the past week given evidence of the keen interest she takes in the musical art of the country, by being present at the Queen's Hall on the occasion of the fourth concert of the London Symphony Orchestra. The function was especially interesting, as Herr Richter chose for interpretation Mr. Donald Francis Tovey's Concerto in A major for Pianoforte and Orchestra, the composer himself playing the solo instrument. Mr. Tovey is a very able pianist, and as this particular work has been heard in London more than once, it is unnecessary to discuss it in detail here. Under Dr. Richter's guidance every point was brought out, the weaknesses in the score being almost lost sight of by the quickness with which the orchestra responded to the conductor's demands. At its conclusion Mr. Tovey was recalled to the platform again and again. Two movements from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony followed, the lightness and daintiness of the music being most beautifully rendered. Schubert's Symphony in C major, and Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" were also included in the programme.

Madame Cahier gave her second recital at the Bechstein Hall a few days ago, and again merited all the high praise for her work which she received on the occasion of her first appearance in London. A very large and appreciative audience was present, and the listener who was not satisfied with Madame Cahier's singing would indeed be hard to please. There was no trace of the forcing of the voice which was noticeable on the first occasion, which most probably was only due to nervousness; indeed, the renderings of Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht," Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung," and many another song were all exquisite in their artistic effect. Whether singing in Italian, German, French or English it was no matter to Madame Cahier; her voice is of rare beauty, and she is unquestionably a most intelligent and sympathetic artist. Mr. Hamilton Harty accompanied throughout the afternoon in his most artistic manner.

It is interesting to note that the Danish pianist, Miss Johanne Stockmarr, has been engaged to play at one of the Philharmonic Society's concerts during the next season.

COMMON CHORD.



A CHILD VIOLINIST WHO HAS BEEN PAYING TRIBUTE TO PAGANINI: MISS VIVIEN CHARTRES.

Little Miss Chartres recently appeared at Parma, where she was presented with a bouquet by Baron Attila Paganini, a descendant of the famous violinist. During her stay she paid a visit to Paganini's tomb, and placed on it a wreath bearing the inscription: "A humble tribute from Vivien."

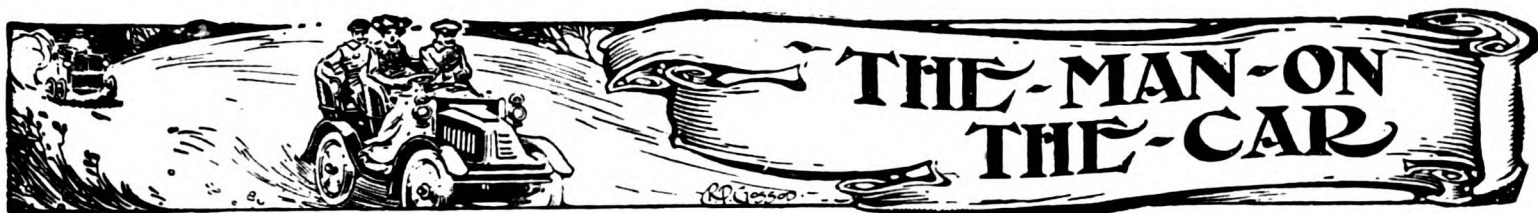


TO RECITE DICKENS'S "CHRISTMAS CAROL" IN AMERICA: MISS ELLEN BOWICK.

Miss Bowick recently recited Dickens's "Christmas Carol" at the Bechstein Hall, and met with much success. The incidental music was by Mr. Noel Johnson. Miss Bowick is about to start on an American tour.

Photograph by the Faik Studio.





THE FIRST RACE-MEETING ON THE WEYBRIDGE MOTOR-TRACK—THE MICHELIN DETACHABLE RIM ON SALE—FILLINGS FOR INNER TUBES—THE MOTOR UNION ON THE ROYAL COMMISSION—MECHANICAL INFLATION.

ALTHOUGH the motor-track at Weybridge—which, by the way, is to be known as the "grounds of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club"—is far from complete, the programme of the first race-meeting (which, it is hoped, will be held some time in May next) is already to hand. The items are not without interest, so I do not apologise for giving them in detail: (1) The Horsley Plate of 300 sovs. The nominator of the winner to receive 250 sovs., and the nominator of the second 50 sovs. This event is open to cars propelled by internal-combustion engines only, of a cylinder-dimension 60 to 85. Weight, 3000 lb. About three miles. (2) The Gottlieb Daimler Memorial Plate of 650 sovs.—500 sovs. to first, 150 sovs. second. For cars as above; cylinder-dimension, 120 to under 155. Weight, 3000 lb. About fifteen miles. (3) The Byfleet Plate, 550 sovs.—450 sovs. first, 100 sovs. second. Cars of cylinder-dimension 110 to under 115. 3000 lb. Ten miles.

The fourth event coloured upon the card is the Naval and Military Plate of 450 sovs., open to cars of cylinder-dimension 45 to 60, owned and driven by commissioned officers of his Majesty's forces on the active list. Weight 3000 lb. Six miles. Next is the First Montagu Cup of 2100 sovs. (a cup, value 200 sovs., and the remainder in specie). For cars as before, of cylinder-dimension 155 to 235. Weight 2600 lb. Thirty miles. Sixth and last is the Marcel Renault Memorial Plate of 550 sovs.—first, 400 sovs.; second, 100 sovs.; third, 50 sovs. Cylinder-dimension, 85 to under 110. Weight, 3000 lb. Twelve miles. The entry-fees range from 50 sovs. for the Montagu Cup to 10 sovs. for the Naval and Military Plate. This type of programme is undoubtedly a bold experiment, and it remains to be seen whether such big prizes will not only attract entries, but a gate.

The Michelin detachable rim, having proved its value thoroughly in the Circuit de la Sarthe (when the winner, Szisz, replaced a tyre in three minutes), in the Circuit des Ardennes, and the Vanderbilt Cup, is now about to be placed within the reach of a clamorous public. Although numerous detachable-rim devices were shown at the Paris Salon, I cannot glean that anything better than, if so good as, the Michelin *jante amovible* has been introduced. At any rate, none has been so severely tested and with such satisfactory results. It is quite simple in construction, the tyre-cover being carried in a double hook rim, similar in every way to the rim at present mounted on the wood felloe of the wheel which takes the cover direct. This rim with its tyre is slipped over a specially shaped metal tyre shrunk upon the wheel in the ordinary way, and there securely locked.

Substances resilient as rubber, resembling rubber, but which are not rubber, are being put forward as fillings for inner tubes in lieu of air. I shall require much persuading ere I am convinced that any manufactured material can approach air in the matter of resiliency, but so far as a short trial went the other day, the compound known as Elastex, and shown at Olympia, is more than a half-way house. It is a mixture of glue, glycerine, and chromic salts, mingled at a high temperature, and while in a liquid condition forced into the inner tube of a pneumatic tyre, where it takes the place of air under compression.

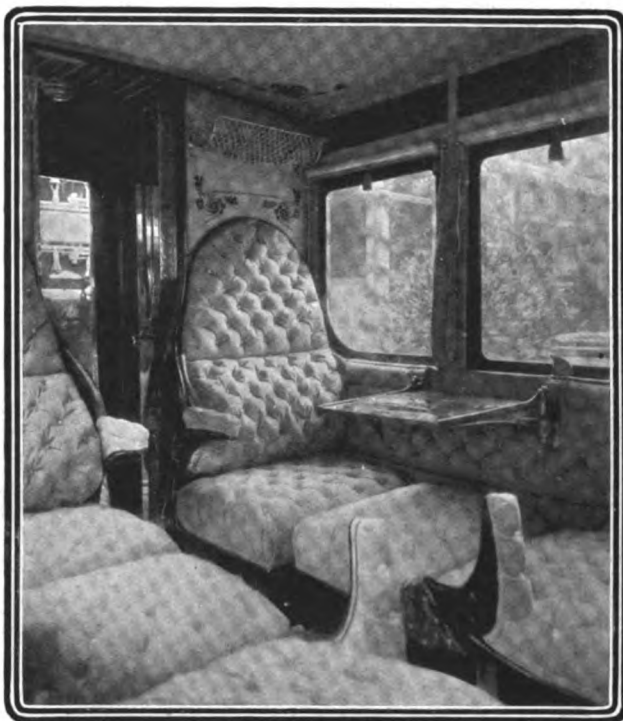
The inner tube within the cover is mounted upon an ordinary tyre rim, and Elastex in a fluid condition injected through one valve, while the air within the tube escapes through another. The fitted tube and cover are then stored for ten days, to allow the Elastex to set, when the complete tyre is ready for use. The cover, with its fitted tube, is then mounted upon the rim in the ordinary way, and the wheel is ready for use. Clearly no punctures or cuts can affect the Elastex tube as they affect the inflated tyre, and a cover can be worn right through the fabric, when another can be mounted over the filled tube. I rode lately in a heavy car running on Elastex-filled tyres several miles over very bad roads in the suburbs, and it is not too much to say that the difference between them and air-filled tyres was barely discernible.

The Motor Union are issuing an official copy of the resolutions they have adopted with regard to the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Motor-Cars. This document sets out each of the Commission's recommendations in full, with the text of the resolution adopted by the Motor

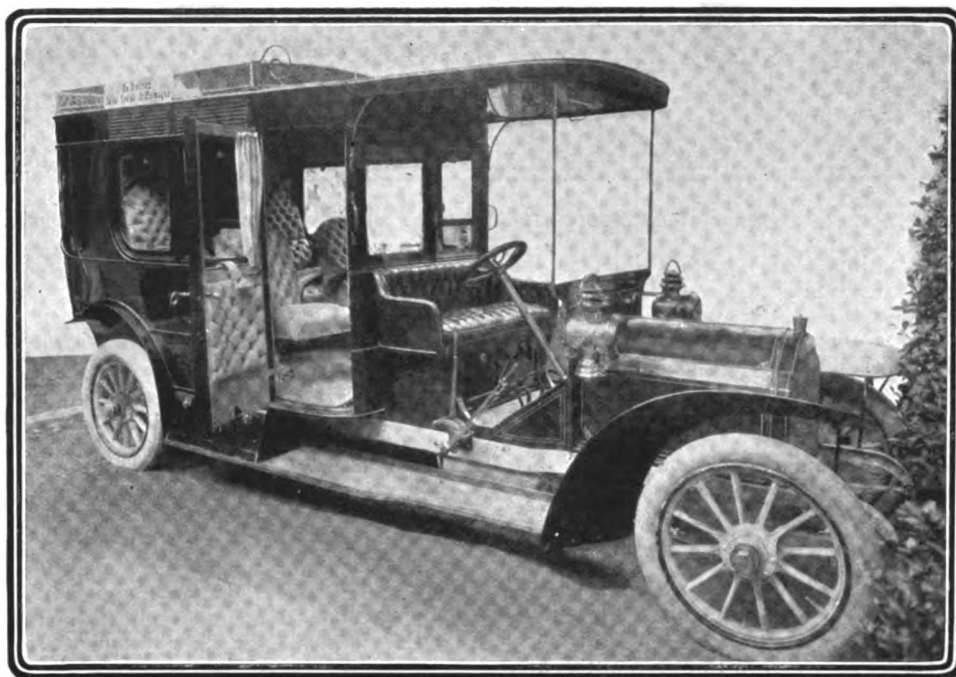
Union after due consideration of the recommendations of the National Conference of Automobilists, held at the Hotel Central on Nov. 14 last. Any motorist who is anxious to communicate with his member or his local authority with regard to matters automobile should apply to the Secretary of the Union, 1, Albemarle Street, W., for a copy of the document referred to above.

Sooner or later—sooner is my most devout prayer—the hard labour necessary for the inflation of a good-sized tyre to a pressure of 75 to 90 lb. per square inch will pass from us. The ubiquitous Michelin are placing a mechanical inflator upon the market, but until this matures we have Parsons' Sparklet In-

flators to hand, which are truly grateful things. Once these have been used on a flabby or wholly deflated tyre, or even their employment observed, the black's job of pumping up, even with a dual or triple pump, will be regarded as a hardship.



A MOTOR-CAR IN WHICH ONE COULD LIVE: A TRAVELLING-CAR DE LUXE RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN GERMANY.



A MOTOR-CAR FITTED WITH SLEEPING AND COOKING ARRANGEMENTS: A TRAVELLING-CAR DE LUXE RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN GERMANY.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

ENTRIES FOR THE NEW YEAR—ACCIDENTS AND INSURANCE—STREET BETTING.

THE nominations for the spring handicaps are due to close on Jan. 1, and as the winter has been a mild one up to now, I expect that the early races of 1907 will yield well, and that many of the animals that ran at the Houghton Meeting will be seen out at Lincoln and Liverpool. I expect Mr. Ord, who makes the big Carholme handicap, will have a good lot of animals to size up. The Grand National is certain to attract a big entry, and many good judges think that a young horse is very likely to win it this time; but I would rather trust to a good old plodder. The City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan can be relied on to attract some good cattle, and although the Chester Cup has failed of late to fill at the first time of asking, it has during the last decade been a race worth watching. The Jubilee will, it can be taken for granted, provide an exciting contest, as it is run at a time of year when the betting is good. Some of the smaller races that have already closed have yielded well. His Majesty has made a very large number of entries recently for races to be run at Newmarket, Gatwick, Newbury, and Doncaster. It is said that the King will run a very large number of two-year-olds at Ascot and Goodwood. Unfortunately his Majesty has no animal good enough to run for the Gold Cup unless a course of hurdle-racing improves Nulli Secundus, which is not likely. The Cup will, according to all accounts, be a real international contest this time, as the foreigners are bent on lifting it. One thing, they will not have a Bachelor's Button or a Pretty Polly to bar the way. On the other hand, one or other of our trainers may discover something good enough to fight for Old England. I cannot hear of many recruits to flat-racing, but before the season commences I expect we shall see some new names among the nominators. The Duke of Westminster will have more horses than usual running next year, and the Duke of Devonshire will have to be reckoned with, as he has just sent a nice lot of yearlings to Sam Darling to be trained. I have heard it whispered that the Hon. Neil Primrose is to run some racehorses.

For many years past I have suggested in *The Sketch* that the National Hunt Committee should compel all professional jockeys to insure against accidents. Indeed, it was only a few weeks since I tried to show how a combined policy might be obtained by the Committee, and every jockey charged a little as a premium. It is pitiful when a serious accident takes place to find that a poor jockey, perhaps, has lost his occupation with not a penny to his credit at the bank. Cross-country jockeys have an uphill fight at the best. Many do not get big retainers, and the most capable of them cannot be certain of more than two or three mounts per day. True, the fees to be earned are higher than they are under Jockey Club rules, but winning mounts

are few and far between, and many of them are appropriated by the amateurs. The professional jockey often takes his life in his hands, so to speak, when he gets up to ride half-fit horses over a steeplechase country, and here arises another question. I do not think that any steeplechaser that is not properly wound up should be allowed to start, as the risk is too great a one for anyone to be allowed to take. Lord Rendlesham's fund for the relief of jockeys down on their luck is a capital idea; but I contend that there would be no need for charity in the case of misfortune coming through an accident if the insurance plan were made compulsory. The annual premium would only cost a jockey the price of one losing mount, while the benefits to be derived in the hour of need would be substantial. Could not one or two of the big financiers who

are also members of the National Hunt Committee formulate a workable insurance scheme?

As it seems probable that street betting will be put down by law, it may be interesting to note that although there are quite two score Peers who are also members of the Jockey Club, not one of them raised a voice against the Bill in the House. It may therefore be taken for granted that the Jockey Club are not opposed to the measure. Of course there is the burning question of interfering with the liberty of

RETRIEVING



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF WOODCOCK-SHOOTING: SHOOTING THE "LITTLE BROWN BIRD."

the subject to be met by our legislators, and it may be that when the next General Election comes the poor man voter will ask why, if betting is legal, he is not allowed to bet at home while his richer brother can gamble to his heart's content on the course. One result of the stopping of street betting will, I think, be a big addition to racecourse gates, and I know of one or two 'cute speculators who have recently gone in for the purchase of racecourse shares on the off-chance. One reform must come at once, and that is the barring all welshers from the cheap rings. This could easily be done by putting up notices telling little punters to report all cases of welshing then and there to the ring-keepers; then prosecute the delinquents, when they would receive any punishment from eighteen months' hard labour down to a forty-shilling fine. Further, the cheap rings at many of the Metropolitan meetings should be enlarged forthwith, and if I had my way, the racecourse managers should make many of them just double their present size. It is when rings are filled to repletion that pickpockets and welshers get a fine chance to rob the public. Confidence men and three-card manipulators should be kept out of the trains going to race-meetings, while at open meetings, where betting takes place on the opposite side of the course, as at Epsom, a special staff of racecourse men should be employed to spot the wrong 'uns.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THERE is an old saying that "a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard"—but the phrase was coined in days when the glittering rime of hoar-frost powdered branches and patterned window-panes, when snow lay deep and crisp across the fields, and the crimson-breasted robin, tamed by hunger, hopped inquiringly on



[Copyright.]

A CARACUL COAT WITH VELVET.

the window-sill, awaiting friendly crumbs. Things have changed atmospherically as well as otherwise since the white Christmas and the blazing May Day of our grandmothers. The seasons have executed a *chassé-croisé*, and the green Christmas which old-time folk regarded as abnormal and alarming has become a matter of course, while the fabled gentle zephyrs of May, which wooed our great-aunts to muslin gowns, bare arms, and white cotton stockings, are replaced by shrieking gales and biting blizzards, which drive us to furs and foot-warmers at home, or send us South, hunting for sunshine far from the climatic furies to which our poor island is given over.

With the delights and difficulties of Christmas on the wane, a new field of enterprise is opened to restless feminine energy by the welcome announcement of sales writ large on our horizon. As a medium of popular entertainment, sales are a distinct success, with Peter Robinson's pre-eminent on the list. On Monday, Dec. 31, begins what may be called Peter Robinson's benefit performance in aid of lovely woman, with a tremendous display of all kinds of bargains for her undoing and delectation. Particularly to furs and fur garments should attention be drawn, seeing that prices rule so low, notwithstanding the present high value all kinds of skins. Beautifully cut walking-skirts, handsome evening gowns, and blouses are also specialties of this sale, which will be in progress both at the Oxford and Regent Street houses. A collection of handsome velveteen tea-gowns, with fitted waist and guipure trimmings, seem absurdly under-priced at 59s. 6d. Millinery models are represented at the price of the proverbial song, and for a mere nothing dainty trifles of

the toilette may be annexed—flowers, buckles, lace cravats in endless variety, which only an opportunity like the forthcoming sale makes possible to many slender purses. In the matter of New Year gifts, some special articles, such as china tea and toilet ware in dainty patterns, are available during the sale only at marvellous prices; as are lamp-shades, quantities of embroidery made up into cushions, tie-cases, sachets, and so on. A collection of French-lawn *dessous*, delicately trimmed with stitchery and lace, is to be greatly reduced, some articles being a little soiled; while the opportunity of buying white muslin skirts with frills and Vandyke flourishes of lace, should not be missed by girls going out much, as they are to be sold at very great reductions. Altogether, Peter Robinson's sale is one of the good things forthcoming in 1907, and a glimpse of its possibilities can be seen by a perusal of the catalogue, which on application is sent anywhere by next post.

To own a Paquin gown is the righteous ambition of every woman who desires to be seen to the best advantage, and though hitherto an unrealised longing to many, it is one that it will be possible to satisfy at no distant period even in those who cannot ordinarily reach to Paquin's prices. In the first week of January a sale will be held in Dover Street, where, besides the ordinary stock, relays of exquisite garments will be sent over from the Paris house to be included in the sale. A Paquin cloak or frock or hat may therefore come into one's list of possibilities with ease and a due regard for economy even. So women should bear the circumstance in mind, as well as the worthy adage which assigns worms or their equivalent to early birds.

Apropos of wonderful frocks and frills, many object-lessons are afforded during this season of entertainers and entertained at the Carlton, where Yuletide festivities are much in order both by day and night. Lady Faudel Phillips had a party on Monday which included Miss Muriel Wilson in very *chic* black; and at an adjoining



AN EVENING FROCK OF SATIN.

[Copyright.]

table, charmingly decorated with holly and mistletoe, Lady Crossley was dining. Mrs. Purall Fitzgerald, in a high frock of rose point over blue satin, was one of the sixteen guests, as was Mrs. Herbert Cory, wearing cloudy black-and-white with rose-and-silver embroideries.

Mrs. Halliday's sale of cakes attracted an appreciative crowd of guests to 84, Lancaster Gate, on Monday last, when supporters of the Dumb Friends' League mustered strongly, the proceeds of the sale being devoted to that good cause. It was rather a good idea to have a cake-sale in Christmas week, when people were laying in stocks of "goodies."



PRESENTED TO THE KING OF NORWAY BY CITIZENS OF LONDON.

The fine old Chippendale Grandfather Clock here illustrated is a gift from citizens of London to King Haakon VII.—a memento of that monarch's coronation. It was supplied by Messrs. Gill and Reigate, Ltd., of 73-85, Oxford Street, and 6 and 7, Dean Street.

These coupons are fixed on top of the cork under the capsule of every jar.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MATER.—Growing boys are rather a trial when arms and legs are sprouting, and clothes are shrinking at the same time. But I understand that the Wolsey All-Wool Underwear Company, of Leicester, have succeeded in producing garments which do not shrink. So in using them you would only have to deal with the aforesaid growth, and not artificial curtailment. The makers replace any garment which for any reason is found to shrink—which is surely reasonable. SYBIL.

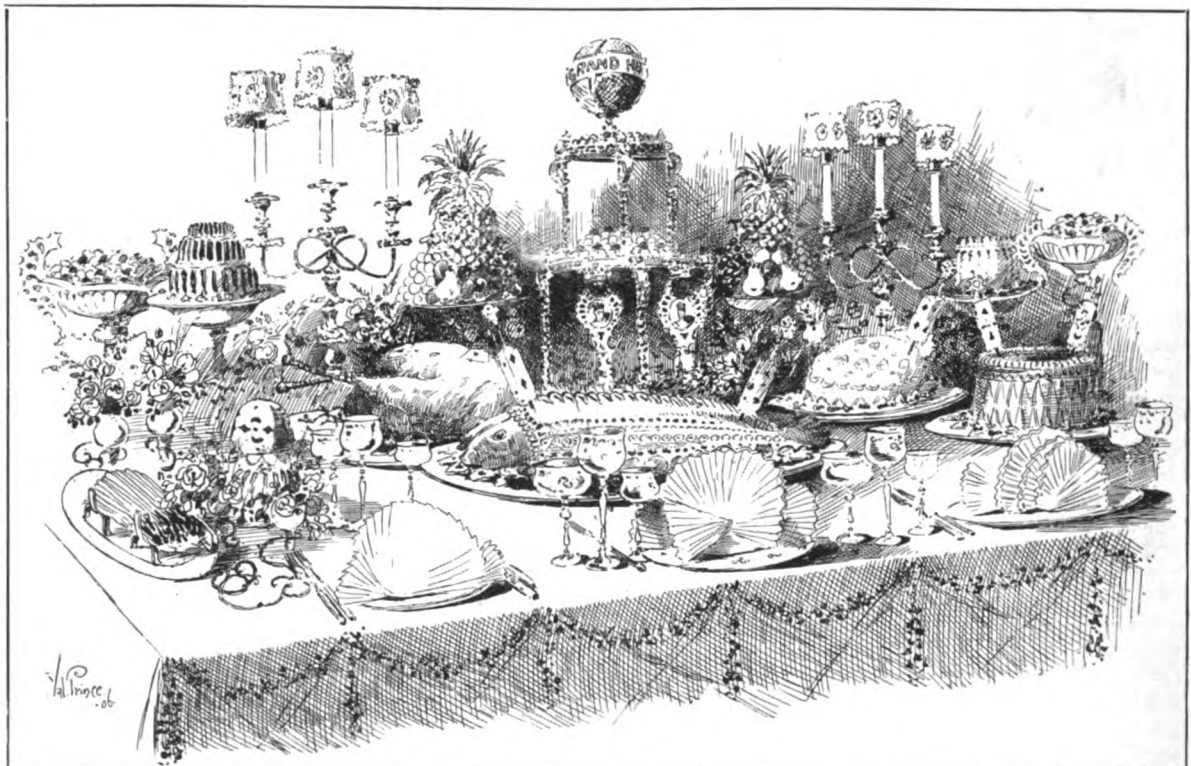
Those who are afflicted with stammering, or have friends so troubled, will do well to make a note of the address of Mr. A. C. Schnelle, a specialist who has devoted much study to the subject, and can claim to have effected some remarkable cures by a very simple, natural, and agreeable treatment. Mr. Schnelle can be consulted at 119, Bedford Court Mansions, W.C., and gives each individual case his personal attention.

Many ladies had sent of their own baking, while the Ritz Hotel, the Cake Company, the Eustace Miles Restaurant, and others contributed; amongst those who sent cakes were Lady Yarmouth, Lady Mildred Allsopp, Lady Adderley, Lady Belhaven and Stenton, and many besides.

The Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company is one of the ancient industries that flourish despite time and change in that historic townlet—so much so that an Abingdon carpet has quite a cachet of its own, being both in colour, texture, and originality of design greatly superior to many other English-made carpets. The reason is not far to seek, when some manufacturing centres have been satisfied to go on in the old way and continue giving the public patterns and texture that have served for generations. The Abingdon Carpet Company constantly improved and altered their fabrics to suit the changing taste of the time, with the aforesaid result and much added prosperity to both makers and the township.

Soap has risen lately from its usual domestic and unobtrusive place in the daily itinerary to be a burning question of the hour—a battle-cry of Guelphs and Ghibelines. Now that public emotions have subsided the soap question becomes once more a mere question of good and bad—what to buy and what to leave unbought. In this connection, therefore, Erasmic soap seems to claim a fine measure of consideration from the great B.P. The "Elite" costs 4d. a tablet, the size of which is now larger than formerly; the "Peerless," another well-known brand, costs the same. Better qualities are "La Belle" and "Erasmic de Luxe," at 6d. a tablet; while the "Royal," uttering the last scented syllable, is retailed at 2s. 6d. a box of three tablets, and quite converts one to the truism that the best is always worth its price.

The Lemco Company announce for the benefit of their many customers that Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management" will be sent free to anyone in exchange for weight coupons representing five pounds of Lemco, if sent before March 31, 1907.



COOKERY DE LUXE: THE EXHIBIT OF THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON, WHICH SECURED THE AWARD OF MERIT AND GOLD MEDAL AT THE RECENT UNIVERSAL FOOD EXHIBITION.

"Captain Tweenie and the Press" is the title of one of the most amusing little advertisement booklets that has appeared for some time. It begins with a bogus autobiography of "Tweenie, Algernon, Captain 7th Life Guards," from "Who's Who" of some date not yet fixed, and continues with some open letters. These are addressed to Mr. Henry La-bouchere, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Moberly Bell, Mr. Owen Seaman, Mr. George R. Sims, and Sir F. C. Gould. Each of them is distinctly entertaining, and each is illustrated with a caricature of the gentleman to whom the letter is addressed. At the end of the book comes matter that, if less literary, is none the less interesting to smokers with a cultivated palate—a fully illustrated list of "Tweenies," "the ten minutes' cigar," concerning which it is said "it is only the size that makes the price three-halfpence; the quality is that of a shilling Havana." "Tweenies" are arranged in all sorts of convenient sizes; packets of two for threepence, of four for sixpence, and of eight for a shilling, and boxes of fifty for 6s. 3d., and of a hundred for 12s. 6d. They are made by the well-known firm of Messrs. Martin Brothers, 25, Cheapside, E.C., and the same firm sells also special cases and tubes for "Tweenies," as well as an excellent cedar-wood cabinet containing 200 "Tweenies," an ivory gold-mounted tube and a roan leather case for 30s.

Messrs. Langfrier, the well-known photographers of 23a, Old Bond Street, have given to the "Lord Mayor's Cripple Fund" 3000 Half-Guinea "Coupons," which will benefit the fund to the extent of 1500 guineas.

Messrs. Letts's many original diaries for 1907 include as the chief feature of their home editions a £1000 accident insurance coupon.



MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

From "Captain Tweenie and the Press."

It is the policy of the firm to give every possible value to the public, and to provide in all cases, whether for office or pocket use, a book which shall for all practical purposes be as firm in its cover at the end of the year as it was at the beginning.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14, 1907.*

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"MERRY Christmas, everybody!" cried The Jobber enthusiastically, as he sprang into the carriage.

The Broker made a sharp exclamation, and The Engineer gave a cry of pain.

"You should really have them attended to. There are plenty of chiropodists. Not but what I'm sorry, and apologise," the offender went on calmly enough.

"We are used to having all our finer feelings flouted, so why not the others?" asked The City Editor, careless of an answer.

"May I ask if you refer to the Bank Rate?" The Banker inquired.

"That is one thing," admitted The City Editor. "Do you think it will ever come down again?"

"If you go by some of the newspapers, it won't," and The Merchant laughed at his own sally.

"My dear Sir, who in the world believes the newspapers? I never yet met a man who took the newspapers seriously except one journalist. And he died of a swollen head."

"Don't be such a fool," said The City Editor irritably. "I was asking our friend if the Bank Rate would go down."

"Quicker than some of the stuff you —"

But The Banker cut short the delighted Jobber by replying that he held to the hope of reduction about the middle of January.

"There are many elements of uncertainty, though, even in that cheerful optimism," he qualified.

"Oh, well, there's Christmas coming," The Jobber declared, "so don't be miserable. Even if you *do* get your leg pulled now and again," he added to The City Editor.

"Christmas!" snorted that individual. "Nice time, isn't it? Rent, rates, rotten weather, sickness — one expense on the top of another, bills without end —"

"You ought to pay cash," advised The Engineer. "I never do, but I believe it's the proper thing."

"Christmas is the children's time," announced The Jobber.

There was a chorus of assent.

"Most of us can make a face and please the kids," their champion went on. "Let 'em have as ripping a time as they can, and forget for once that they've got to be old like us," and he groaned hollowly.

"How frightfully expensive toys are getting," said The Engineer. "To buy a railway set for my small son, aged three, I had to give something like thirty shillings yesterday."

"And he would have been just as pleased with a couple of boxes of wooden matches and a few cotton-reels," The Broker commented.

"Well, I gave fifty-five shillings for a doll's house yesterday, as we are confessing," The Merchant seemed to be eager to speak the truth.

"Lucky dog to have the money to waste."

"If you'd spent five bob on the doll's house and given the fifty to some deserving charity," The Broker commented, "I take it you would have done more good."

"Rot, utter rot!" The Jobber answered. "If you can afford fifty-five shillings for a doll's house without cutting the charities, why shouldn't you delight your own heart and the heart of some wee lassie? Besides, a thing like that would go down to posterity!"

"Excuse me," interposed The Merchant. "Do you mean that your heart or the little girl's would go down to posterity?"

The Jobber dealt him a sounding whack with his despised, indispensable newspaper.

"Why are Lyons coming down and Aerated Breads?" The Engineer wanted to know. "I don't understand it."

"It was the Slaters dividend and meeting which upset that particular apple-cart," The Broker replied. "Competition is evidently very keen indeed, and at present the supply is quite up to the demand, I should say."

"Industrial things are a bit overdone," said The Merchant.

"In what way?"

"Look at the rise that has occurred in iron and steel things, in textiles, Hudson's Bays, and nitrate shares."

"Chartered will be another Hudson's Bays one of these days."

"One of *these* days?" repeated The Jobber with delicate irony.

"Oh, long after you are dead and buried, no doubt. But still, that's what I believe. And twenty years, or even ten, will make a vast difference to Rhodesia."

"It may take longer than ten years," said The Merchant dubiously.

"A lot depends upon the progress of the railways," replied The Engineer. "Traffic facilities are what the colony needs most."

"I believe in those copper propositions, for the future," The City Editor declared.

"All that kind of thing is so much a matter of time."

"General Booth," remarked The Jobber, "is one of the finest assets that the Chartered Company possesses."

"Yes," The Engineer commented. "I think the immigration of a pastoral population will do Rhodesia more lasting good than even her gold and copper and mineral areas."

"But you must remember," The Banker urged, "that to get every single colonist out there from England costs a good deal of money, while to start him in business on a farm costs considerably more. Can the Salvation Army afford the outlay? That's the point."

"The Government ought to help them. Now, if we only had a few real live statesmen who would work for the Empire at large —"

"Instead of spending weeks of wrangling over tests for teachers and non-provided schools," suggested The Merchant.

"Thanks. If we only had a few fine statesmen of patriotic principles and high intelligence, we should —"

"All be bulls of Chartered," concluded the Jobber.

The carriage laughed, and came to earth again.

"Believe in Siberians?" The Jobber asked The City Editor, who thought he smelt a trap; and, as the Parliamentary reports say, no answer was returned.

"Don't think much of the market myself, although I believe they have a wonderful lot of stuff there," remarked The Engineer. "All my friends who have

been in Russia speak very highly of its gold and copper."

"I am told to buy Siberian Syndicates," The Jobber observed. "One pound shares, five shillings paid, I believe?"

The Broker nodded. "There may be a call made," he added.

"What, soon? I've seen nothing about it."

"Nothing is announced, or even settled. But I believe the directors are discussing the question of calling up more capital soon after the holidays."

"Thanks. I'll look on for a bit," said The Jobber. "Glad you had the sense to tell me, Brokie."

The latter did not look particularly pleased with the compliment, but before he had time to retort, The Banker was asking for advice about the American Market.

"You ought to know more than we do on that point, Sir," said The Jobber politely.

"I do not like the situation very much," the old gentleman replied. "The world at large is holding out its hands for gold, and credit is sorely taxed by the high Bank Rate."

"Then you look for a slump in Yankees?"

"Including Canadas?"

"It is hardly fair to turn the tables upon my humble inquiry in this fashion," protested The Banker mildly. "My own view is that Americans cannot hope to escape being depressed by monetary conditions for at least a brief season."

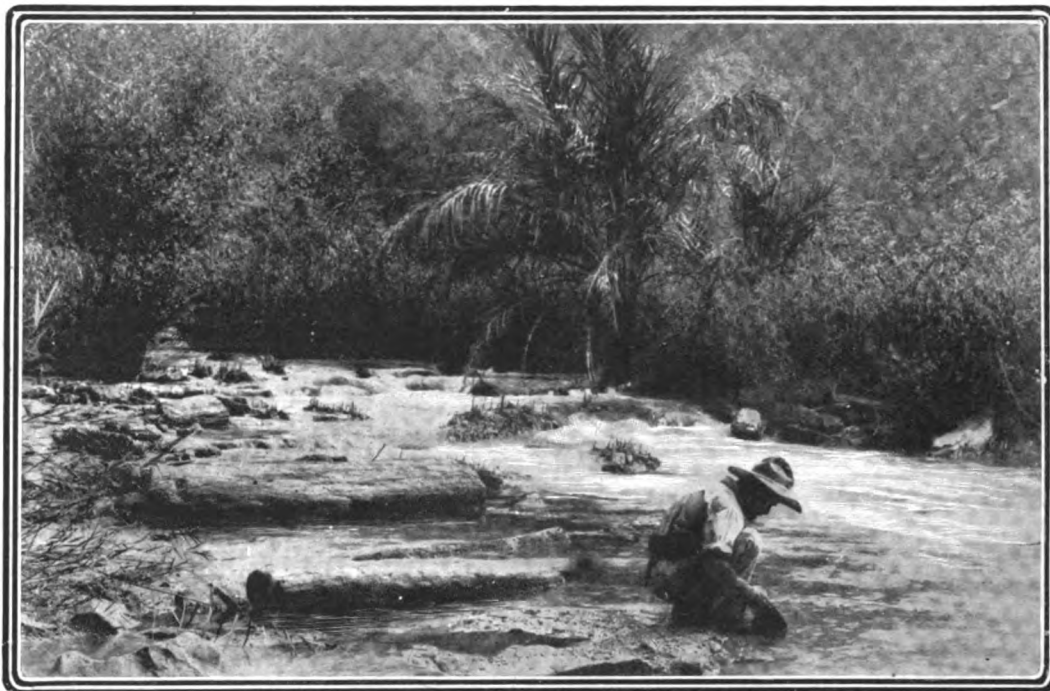
"Including Canadas," The Jobber continued.

"I venture to agree that the view is a very sound one," said The Engineer. "Canadas will go better eventually, but they may have to fall first."

"How this train hangs about! We stop several times between each station," The City Editor grumbled.

"Look how the Home Railway market itself hangs about," rejoined The Engineer. "Can no good thing come out of British Rails?"

"You wait until the dividends are declared, and money's cheaper."



PANNING FOR GOLD ON THE LUALABA RIVER, TANGANYIKA CONCESSIONS.



"We might possibly see a railway boomlet in February," said The City Editor, wildly optimistic.

"There's not a copper to be made out of them at present," The Merchant considered.

"Oh, I say, Brokie, know anything about Union Consolidated Copper?"

"Gamble. Shouldn't like to trust them too far. Small profits are the things to go for. I rather mistrust them. Except as a gamble."

"Well, how about Caucasus Copper?"

"Everyone's tipping them."

"Believe they're right to have, too."

"Better than Union Consolidated anyway," said The Broker. "I shouldn't dissuade you if you wanted to buy them."

"Then there's another thing. Saw it tipped in *The Sketch* last week. Diesel Engine shares at three-and-ninepence. They're good, I'm told."

The Engineer said he heard the concern was making ten per cent. profits. "Five shilling shares fully paid, aren't they?"

"That's the thing," said The Jobber. "I'm going to buy my old Dutch a couple of hundred for a Christmas present."

"If you are referring to your wife," began The Broker loftily, "I should imagine she would rather have jewellery. Other people would."

"I was not intending to cast pearls before your royal high—Now, leave off. Stop it, I tell you! Chain him up, somebody!"

"This is not a pig-sty; it's a railway carriage," remonstrated The Engineer, who was shaking with laughter. "Let him go, Brokie."

The Jobber was also helpless with mirth. He almost rolled out on to the platform.

"There's something to put in your rag," he said, putting his head in at the window and addressing The City Editor. "'Furious Stock Exchange Fight for Life in a Railway Train. Heavy Fall in Jobbers. Strength of a Broker.' Good-bye, everybody. Merry Christmas to you all."

#### INTER-OCEANIC RAILWAY OF MEXICO.

Our valued correspondent "Q" asks us to state that he learns there is every probability of the scheme for funding the arrears of interest on the 7 per cent. Preference shares being carried through, and that, in his opinion, there should be a considerable rise in the value of this security. *Thursday, Dec. 20, 1906.*

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt

a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CLUB.—We think well of the Zinc Corporation. The Railway Income Debentures would probably be a good speculation if it were not for the very awkward money situation, which prevents many things from moving.

C. B. H.—Your letter was answered on the 19th.

H. T.—The two Companies are quite distinct. The Oil Company is a new concern and has never paid a dividend, nor is it likely to do so for some time. You will find a quotation for the shares in the *Mining World*. We still think the Deferred may be bought to lock up with every prospect of a good rise before the end of next year. The Trust is dependent on the Deep Lead Companies for its future.

J. P. A.—Your letter was answered on the 20th inst.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Christmas holidays we are obliged to go to press early, and must ask the indulgence of correspondents in consequence.

#### RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Kempton Park some of the following should go close: Christmas Hurdle, Baron Crafon; Hounslow Steeplechase, Delgany; Richmond Hurdle, Caruso; Hampton Steeplechase, Merry John; Park Steeplechase, Baeldi; Mortlake Hurdle, Dafila; Kew Hurdle, Vidame; Long Distance Steeplechase, Witney. At Hooton, I fancy Ruysdale for the Holmary Hurdle, Alderman for the Rossmore Flat Race, and St. Benet for the Grosvenor Steeplechase. At Dunstall Park Gold Lock may win the Wolverhampton Hurdle, and Innesmore the Christmas Steeplechase. For Hurst Park my fancies are: Maiden Hurdle, Whitechapel; Park Steeplechase, Do Be Quick; Christmas Hurdle, Ronaldo; Novices' Steeplechase, Sudden Rise; Juvenile Hurdle, Bramber. At Manchester the Club Hurdle may be won by Rosebury, and the Canal Steeplechase by Robin. I like St. Hubert for the New Year Hurdle.

## Modern Banking and Investment

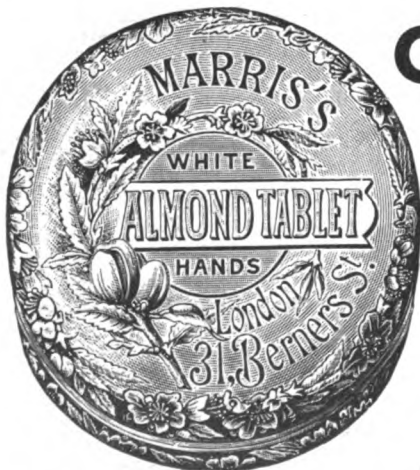
Increase of  
Income by  
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The Science of Investment.  
The Theory of Successful Speculation.  
How & When to Operate in Home Rails.  
How & When to Operate in American Rails.  
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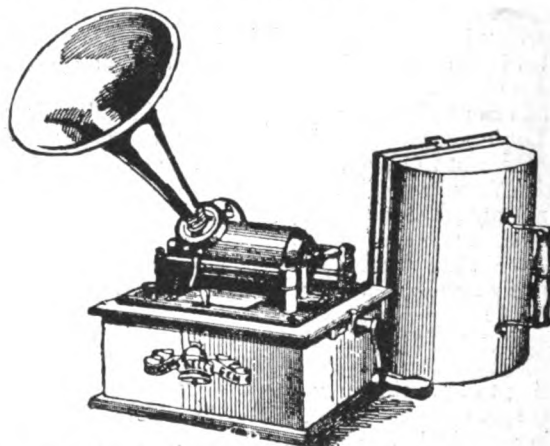
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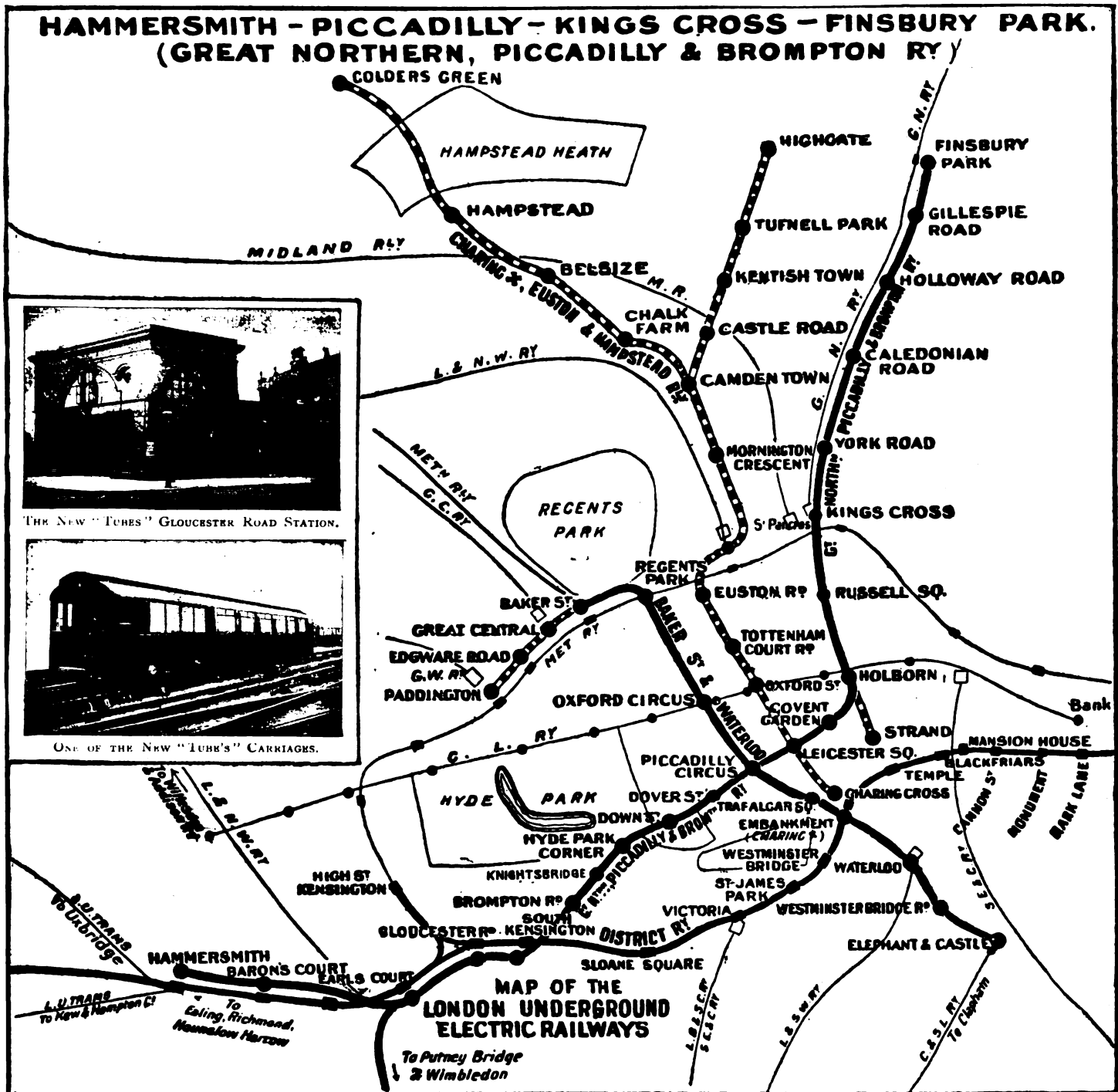


## TRAVELLING UNDER LONDON: THE LATEST "TUBE."

LONDON, in too great a hurry to await the advent of the long-heralded air-'bus, has taken kindly to "Tubes." That is not to be wondered at, for London is wise enough to recognise anybody or anything that serves her well. "Tubes" are now among her institutions, and the latest of them is obviously destined to be popular. It may, in truth, be called popular already; it carried some forty-six thousand passengers during the first twelve hours of its existence. Its name—its official name, for the man in the street is likely to shorten it before long—is the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Electric Railway, and

such lines as the Great Northern, the Midland, the South-Eastern and Chatham, the Metropolitan, the "Bakerloo," and the District, plus the London United Tramway's service, and it becomes one of the strongest links in the chain of communication between London, the suburbs, and the country.

To all intents and purposes, then, the construction of the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton is identical with that of the "Bakerloo." Its stations have been named already, but it may be recorded that these stations are served by no fewer than sixty lifts, each with a holding capacity of seventy, and a speed of two hundred feet a



LONDON'S NEW "TUBE": THE GREAT NORTHERN, PICCADILLY, AND BROMPTON RAILWAY, AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

its boast is that it provides the quickest route between North and West through the shopping and theatre areas. An idea of its scope and its value may be seen best by a glance at the list of its stations—Finsbury Park, Gillespie Road, Holloway Road, Caledonian Road, York Road, King's Cross, Russell Square, Holborn, Covent Garden, Leicester Square, Piccadilly Circus, Dover Street, Down Street, Hyde Park Corner, Knightsbridge, Brompton Road, South Kensington, Gloucester Road, Earl's Court, Barons' Court, and Hammersmith—and by study of the map here given. In a short time there will be also a branch from Holborn to the Strand.

The "Bakerloo" is now generally accepted as the standard for "Tube" construction, and it is this standard that the new line follows. In two respects, however, it eclipses its immediate predecessor—its platforms are longer, and it is the longest "Tube" yet built. Including the Holborn-Strand section, it covers nearly nine-and-a-half miles. Add to this the advantages of its interchange facilities with

minute, just twice that attained by the double spiral ever-moving track fitted experimentally at the line's Holloway Station.

Every endeavour is being made to combine speed with comfort. The average rate of travel is just over fifteen miles an hour, the maximum rate between certain stations being twenty-five miles an hour. Comfort is secured in many ways. The carriages are admirably contrived; the permanent way is designed to prevent vibration; fire risks are made practically impossible by the use of non-flammable material; and the greatest care has been taken to ensure perfect ventilation. To the latter end, nineteen exhaust-fans, each drawing 18,500 cubic feet of air from tunnels and stations, are continually at work, and fresh air is ever being substituted for vitiated.

To comfort and speed must be added economy. The fares on the new "Tube" vary between a penny and fourpence, each step being marked by a halfpenny. Season tickets are also to be issued.



*"The Sketch" Semi-Silhouettes.*



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, THE CLEOPATRA IN MR. TREE'S REVIVAL OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,"  
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

*Photograph by Bassano.*



## CHRISTMAS GHOSTS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE SKETCH."



## A VISION OF FORMER JOYOUS DAYS.

This series of photographs was devised by "The Sketch," and executed by Messrs. Bassano. We would emphasise the fact that the illustrations are wholly photographic.

*Photograph of Miss Janet Alexander by Bassano.*



CHRISTMAS GHOSTS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE SKETCH."



"DANGER! THIN ICE!"

This series of photographs was devised by "The Sketch," and executed by Messrs. Bassano. We would emphasise the fact that the illustrations are wholly photographic.

*Photograph of Miss Ethelwynne Arthur-Jones by Bassano.*



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Photos by Bassano; Arrangement by "The Sketch."



## CHRISTMAS GHOSTS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE SKETCH."



THE EVER-HAUNTING DOROTHY VERNON.

This series of photographs was devised by "The Sketch," and executed by Messrs. Bassano. We would emphasise the fact that the illustrations are wholly photographic.

*Photograph of Miss Alice Crawford by Bassano.*



CHRISTMAS GHOSTS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE SKETCH."



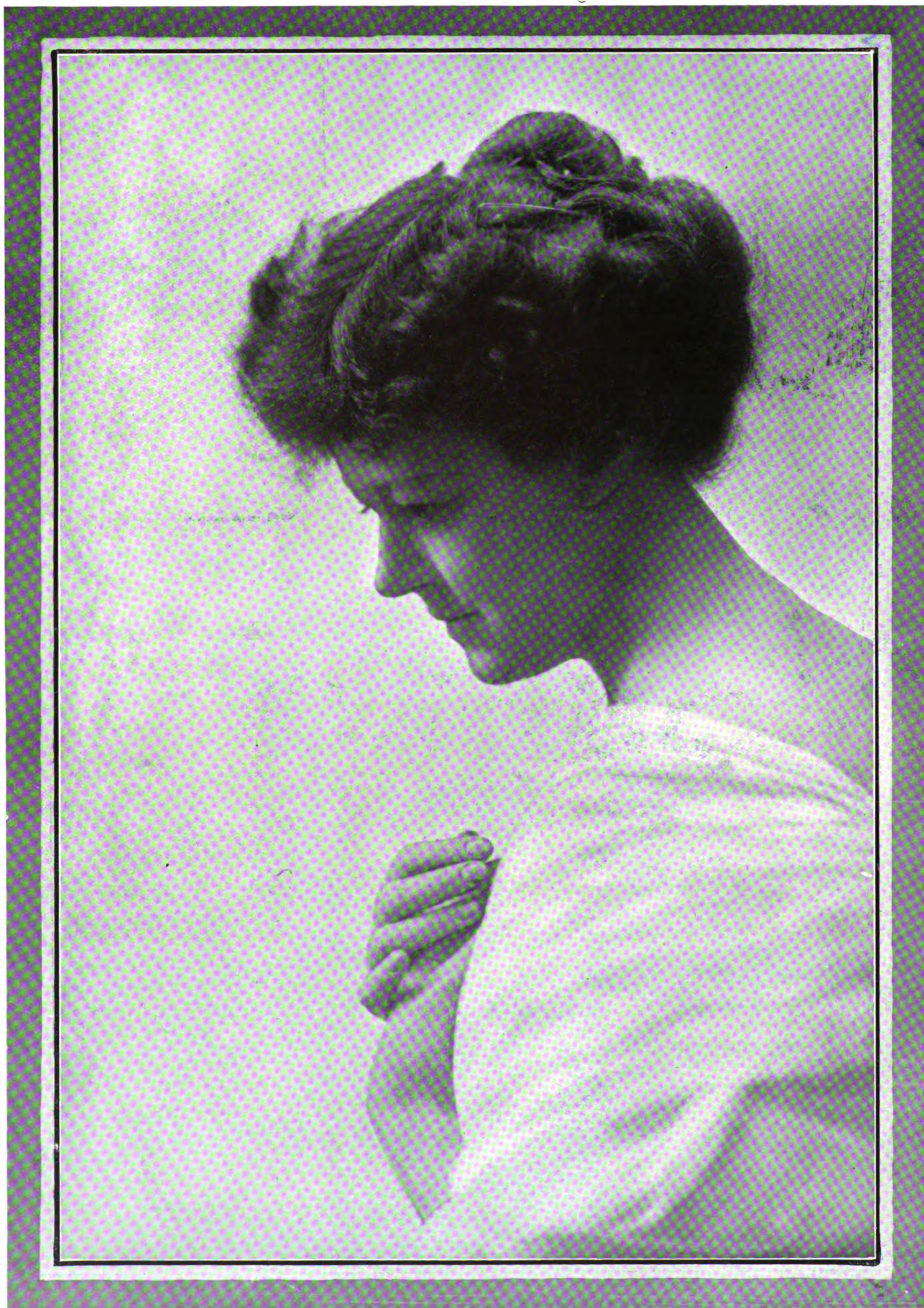
THE VISION OF HOPE.

This series of photographs was devised by "The Sketch," and executed by Messrs. Bassano. We would emphasise the fact that the illustrations are wholly photographic.

*Photograph of Miss Chrissie Bell by Bassano.*



*"The Sketch" Semi-Silhouettes.*



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, THE NINA OF "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."  
*Photograph by Bassano.*



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